Mūza

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Mūza

by bonelines, howlscastle

Summary

“Beautiful.” He purrs as he strides back over to Will and positions himself, standing in a wide stance beside him, over him, almost looming as he addresses his students. “Now, here we have a very classical renaissance pose, but I want you to go beyond that. Can anyone remember what Plato said about beauty?” Hannibal speaks with absolute authority and his withering gaze cuts through the room, but not a sound is heard in answer.

A pause, and then Hannibal continues.

“Plato asserted that everything and anything that was considered beautiful was only considered so because it was breakable. Look at the arch of the model’s spine and the curve of his neck. Perfect submission. Now, I want you to etch the bones – only the bones. Etch them as though they were straining... breaking.”

Hannibal looks down at the boy and holds out a hand over him, beckoning once and then, simply orders, “Arch higher,” as he folds one finger in.

Notes

Our first of many longstanding works in progress. This one is rather AU. All warnings should be in the tags, but the tags are subject to change as we go! This was not beta'd, technically, just edited over by the two of us, so we apologize for any mistakes!

Chapter 1

Oversized flannel and glasses cradled by the bridge of his nose, he keeps the crinkled piece of paper clutched tight to himself as he moves through the bustling bodies of those in a rush to get to their classes. Will Graham keeps his eyes ducked away, but never unseeing. He doesn't need to catch a groups eyes in passing to catch their conversation, or catch the hint of just something in someone's tone from afar. No need to see when he can feel and sometimes that proves to be overwhelming enough on its own. This behavior – this nervous sort of fidgety thing that he can be – is no reflection of the boy's true inner self, but when plucked from a place of comfort and sent tripping into something new, he cannot help the flutter of nervousness that rushes in on tiny butterfly beats.

This isn't the first time Will has modeled. This is the first time he has stripped himself nude in the name of modeling.

And so, when boots squeak against shiny floor and he nearly misses the correct room entirely, Will has to steady himself with a careful breath, before entering the classroom listed on the paper and approaching a man seated at the front desk. The students haven't filed in yet – it's fifteen minutes until class. They would be soon.

Hannibal had sensed the boy – correction – he had scented him long before he even entered. Even over the stench of oils, turpentine, charcoal, fixative and student sweat, marred by dope and beer he scents… him.

The older man closes his cat-like eyes as he rolls his shoulders, allowing himself a private moment to indulge in the approaching scent – something like the ocean but wilder.

But as the nervous young man approaches, Hannibal doesn’t look up, rather, lets his gaze take him in from the periphery. Clothes, no matter how oversized, don’t hide a damn thing from a good artist. Everything about Will is long, lean, supple and young. Perfect. The cannibal’s muse is itching under his skin and he bites harder on his pencil to stifle a purr.

"Hi. Uh. I'm Will Graham, the one who emailed you about the flyer.... for the live model, I mean," Will finally manages, voice hoarse in his throat and tongue petting over his lips, before he continues and offers over the flyer that sits clutched between nimble fingers. "I think it was you that I emailed, anyway."

After a silent pause, Hannibal tilts his head just enough to look up at the kid – who, really, is probably not that much younger than himself, but that face… that damn face with innocent wide-blue eyes and sin-pink lips all haloed in a dark mess makes Will look far younger than his stated years. He suspects Will’s angelic looks also make him appear far more innocent than the truth of his dirty little soul that lies underneath those narrow ribs. Or maybe not. Never could be too sure with souls, tricky things they were.

“Will, huh? Sure you got the right job there?” his tone is warm, but rough, and thick with a mixed European accent. Hannibal leans back in his chair, plucking the pencil from his mouth and waves for Will to pass the flyer.

Tapping the pencil along his full lips, Hannibal isn't so sure how he feels about Will modeling nude for his class. Fuck, maybe he likes the idea a bit too much. He shifts in his chair as he waits; hand still outstretched, sweater pulled up just enough to reveal thickly muscled and tanned forearm.

Oh. Will hadn't been expecting the thick accent that pours forward on foreign tongue when the man finally does speak and the boy can't help but think that he makes words sound like art as well – something painted with far more finesse than the drying canvases and the smell of acrylics. When a glance is gifted in his direction, Will does not return it directly, but rather, keeps his own turned downward just enough that the thick rim of his glasses may allow some sort of shield. Will isn't fond of eye contact to begin, but this man makes him feel particularly squirmy in his own flesh.

"......well." It's nearly choked out with a pause; the hand that moves to pass over the flyer stops as he catches himself and eyes Hannibal's awaiting palm with an intense amount of distrust, brows knitting into a furrow and mind running a million miles a minute. Hannibal notes that even Will's voice breaks perfectly into lilted lines across the air. He had never considered sketching sound – not before Will. Hannibal straightens his posture that bit more, curiosity peaked.

But if this turns out to be the wrong class? The wrong man that he'd spoken to? Then Will is quickly setting himself up for humiliation in passing over the piece of paper and the information printed onto it. A flyer printed on orange paper – in bold letters, it relays the class' need for a nude model while they study life-drawing. Will had nervously plucked it from the cork board and had taken it home to, later, contact the email listed; it would be a fairly easy job, some money on the side that he desperately needed as he struggled to get his career in actual modeling off its feet. Easy money – regardless of how naked he had to get in order to earn it.

Teeth dig into Will's lower lip as he hesitates, before finally handing the sheet over to the man seated at the desk with a soft exhale through flared nostrils, paper pressed into palm extended in his direction as the boy catches a glance of long, toned forearm. "For the life-drawing sessions. If I've got the wrong room, sorry to waste your time, but I'll be on my way."

"You're not going anywhere." Hannibal's tone final and sudden, the statement coming as a surprise, even to himself. Though, Hannibal often finds himself shocked by his own spontaneity – almost as shocked as those around him. He enjoys having a disruptive presence. Hannibal had the intelligence enough that he could have been anything from a surgeon to a psychiatrist to a lawyer, but art was where he saw the most opportunity to... disturb.

Will tries not to startle from the sudden sharpness in the man's tone – definitive. He wonders how Hannibal might have reacted if Will did in fact turn around and leave, but he is far too intrigued now to back out. And besides, he's already shown up here and that is just as definitive as doing the job itself. If he were to leave now, it would only be a bad reflection on himself.

Hannibal's gaze narrows as the kid tries to hide his startled response. He wants to see more of that; he wants to see more of every shade and motion of this kid. He is an enigma.

Hannibal is not unaware of the effect he has over his students. It's very rare that he pays attention to it, but the way this particular boy flusters over him – over life itself – delights him. There are layers upon layers to be peeled and carved away to reveal the true essence, hidden there behind the fumbling and the glasses. It makes him wonder how Will really does perform as a model. Do the layers peel back under hordes of anonymous gazes? Does Will enjoy the public eye that much? The thought has Hannibal licking his lips and shifting in his chair again. Everything about this kid, from his bone-structure to his thickly veiled persona, is a piece of art. Hannibal runs a rough hand down over his mouth and jaw, collecting himself and his thoughts, before he drowns in the wicked and the dark that dwells in his mind. A darkness that is hidden so well, yet constantly on display. A darkness that is painted in gaudy colours on the canvases that hang behind him. Art really does imitate life.

On the outside, Will appears to be a nervous, twitchy mess; this is a picture painted with the refusal of direct eye-contact and the various hard blinks that follow each question or thought directed towards him. In most ways, he keeps himself unapproachable and, really, none-too-enjoyable to interact with so that it might save him the effort. Stand-offish, but by choice. People are so damn hard to connect with, regardless of the fact that they're, quite typically, open books. Understanding something is very different than connecting with it.

And modeling? It comes easy. It always has, really. Closed off and hidden in a place where no one can dig into his brain and try to piece together the different things that they may find there, Will allows himself to open in brief flickers when he is left at peace to understand solely himself and the way that his positions his body. Easy. Peaceful.

Hannibal takes the flyer with a glance downwards. Will has the right class. He nods and waves his hand for Will to sit, before Hannibal kicks his long legs down off the desk so he can stand up, walk around, and examine the boy from various angles. Seated now, Will feels like he's being unwrapped and undressed under scrutinizing eyes as the other man circles around him, but keeps his gaze locked forward, regardless, with expression blank. The pencil is back in Hannibal's mouth in lieu of a cigarette as he folds his arms over his broad chest, olive sweater straining over bulging pecs. He has a good foot or more over the boy, his presence seems to loom, almost filling the room. Unkempt brown shaggy hair falling over alpine features – his expression is faintly cruel except for the amber warmth reflected in his eyes.

Hannibal flips the pencil with his tongue and catches it with long fingers. "Not fond of eye contact, huh? I guess that won't be a problem here." Hannibal pauses to pace around and take him in at another angle.

Will doesn't directly answer, a hard swallow evident in the way his throat bobs and lips purse, but no words rise up onto the curl of his tongue. Hannibal is making observations – voicing some, and clearly, keeping others to himself as he takes mental notes. Will wishes he could pick his brain, if only to know what the other man is thinking. He often finds himself frustrated with the world around him – the people that surround and fill all the empty spaces – the people that push-pull from every direction. Sometimes their thoughts are so tangible that the air thickens and Will has to excuse himself as to fill his lungs with the correct amount of air again. On the outside, he can seem a tragically nervous wreck, when really, his

frustration churns like the roiling of a sea and it's great work to swallow it down… even further work when he sees that same piece of something in somebody else.

Hannibal rarely finds reason to be intrigued by people. He sees with an artist's eye; it cuts through the crap and bullshit to hunt out the essence of things, but it's often that he cuts the surface away to find an empty center. Will is different – he can smell it. He is torn between wanting to paint him and just slicing him in two instead. Hannibal hums, pondering the thought.

Although Will's hesitance to maintain eye contact affords Hannibal the chance to examine him even closer – all those fine lines, delicate curves and oh-so-perfect skin – he is quite sure that Will blushes beautifully, with a dash of pink against cream, and it's in the way he squirms that all but confirms it for the artist. Hannibal is frustrated. He wants the kid to meet his gaze so that he can peer inside and see what's hidden there, but as Hannibal pulls himself up to his full height with his hands on his hips, he is quite sure that, in time, their eyes will connect and Will would allow Hannibal to peek behind the curtain, in a sense.

"You haven't done this kind of work before have you?" Hannibal asks as he points the pencil at Will. "Trust me, getting naked is easier than you think. It's the posing that's the problem; difficult poses held for long hours. Tell me, Will, can you take direction?"

"No... never. I can hold a pose without problem – I'm good at taking direction." Will trails off, eyes falling to the pencil that points in his direction, before they flit upwards for a split second and catch Hannibal's in a split second, all before falling away once again, hands wringing in his lap as he hesitates.

Hannibal takes a step closer now, gaze raking up and down with pencil kept pointed in the boy's direction, before, "Take off your glasses."

And, fuck, does he have to take those off now? When Hannibal is so close and watching him so intently? Will's insides are positively squirming when he reaches up slowly with unsure, and maybe a bite frustrated, hands to remove the glasses from the bridge of his nose and fold them neatly. A hard blink and eyes sit on the place just above Hannibal's shoulder, before they flit away entirely, taking in the nooks and crannies of the side of the room that he faces. Artwork litters every free-space here. Sometimes, Will wishes he'd had a talent like art; maybe then, it wouldn't have been so hard to find a place for himself. Maybe he's still trying to find that place. Patient and careful to watch his tone, Will finally asks, "...do I have to keep them off for the entire lesson?"

In the boy's voice, and even in the way that glasses are folded away, Hannibal can sense the stifled frustration that remains hidden beneath the mask of awkward motions. He holds back a chuckle as he withdraws the pointed pencil and returns to pacing in front of the kid.

"Well, the job is stated as nude modeling. So, yes, your glasses, right down to your shoes will need to be stripped off, but not before the students arrive." Hannibal lets that hang, practically begging to see that blush rise over Will's cheeks.

The comment earns something. Will can't quite be sure if Hannibal is trying to gauge his reaction, but he can't help the small duck of his head and a flush that just barely kisses the

soft planes of his cheeks. In the end, Will simply allows a dismissive nod in an attempt to brush it off.

Tilting his head up, Hannibal watches the door, “I’ll introduce you to the class you as you are now. There is a changing room behind the wall here,” he makes a loose motion to the door located on wall behind. “There is a locker for your clothes and valuables. There is also a white sheet – feel free to drape yourself in it when you come out. We do sometimes use the sheet in poses too, depending on the mood, or if it gets cold.”

Hannibal lets out a long sigh, the students will be here shortly. They will be all over him, as always. Most of them with banal and fake questions, made up just to get close and fawn over him. Their appalling attempts at flirting would be funny if they weren’t so desperate and constant.

Hannibal finally turns back to look at Will. My, how he loves how he squirms, but he wonders how he will stay still long enough to pose. Part of him doesn’t care. “So, the payment is on hundred dollars per session. There are twelve weeks of classes. Does that suit you?”

"Yeah. That works fine, of course," Will answers then, straightening up slightly from where he sits. He would need the money; his small, studio apartment getting harder and harder to afford in the passing weeks as his last job's pay dwindles down. Some small clothing advertisement work – nothing large and nothing that pushed him forward nearly as much as he'd have liked it to, but it had been enough to pay some of the bills while he went in search for the next job. Will is without an agent and it makes getting jobs in the area none-too-easy.

“Have you done any modeling work before?” Hannibal’s foot taps absently as he rocks back on his heels. With a face like that, this kid really should be fucking plastered across billboards and hanging in galleries. How his beauty could have possibly been missed, Hannibal doesn’t know. Unless he is terrible at holding poses? Hannibal’s curiosity grows by the minute.

"I've done some – enough to know. If you'll be directing me how to pose, I can take direction well," Will answers, allowing for his eyes to flit up and catch Hannibal's for much longer this time, locked and with a sense of confidence that had been hidden away before now. His gaze hovers, before falling once again, off to the side and just out of reach – to anyone else he may seem distractible. Will is anything but distractible. Everything is deliberate.

But, there it is – a connection formed in the middle of locked gaze – and even more perfect than imagined. Hannibal taps his lips and smiles as he strolls back to his desk and leans against it, watching the kid squirm where he sits with pink kept painted across the boy’s cheeks like the stain of a late summer sky. Hannibal rolls his tongue over his own teeth and then across his lips, slowly, wondering what it would taste like. He doesn’t squash the lewd thought. Sex is natural and certainly pivotal to art. If you’re not feeling sensual about your work and your muse, you may as well throw it in and go home. Yes, Will would do nicely and Hannibal has no doubt that plenty of the kids will be inspired enough by him. Maybe then they will stop hassling him to get his kit off and pose, himself. If it wasn’t for pesky university ethics, he just might have, if only to shut them up.

Will clears his throat softly, tongue running over to wet his lips, before he speaks again. "If not... I'm sure I'll get the hang of what you're looking for. I can position myself without direction as well, though I'm not an artist, so I won't be going into this, knowing exactly what you'd like your students to see. I'll do whatever you need me to do.... Professor Lecter? Correct?"

Hannibal's thoughts are pulled up short – now it is his turn to squirm when a quick heat rises in him, crossing his long legs as he considers the delicious thought. Whatever he needs Will to do. Professor. Shaking his head, he chuckles to himself, sure that it must simply be a throwaway line. Either that, or the kid really is desperate for cash.

"Anything, huh? I'll keep that in mind." Hannibal tucks the pencil behind his ear, never taking his dark gaze off the kid as he waits for that comment to drop. "And Professor will do just fine."

Will is familiar with sensuality in a way that is more private and kept to himself. He is familiar with both mind and body and he is even more familiar with how tied the two are. When he's able to fall into autopilot and when Will can allow his body to move and position itself in a way that is an art in and of itself, then that is his truest sense of sensuality.

It comes easy... when he allows it to.

However, now, when Hannibal makes such a weighted comment, dripping in innuendos without being entirely direct, it tears his gaze off to the side in mild embarrassment as the flush across his features deepens. "Yeah... okay." A thick swallow, lips pursed and a hand reached up to brush just behind his own neck. He'd meant it – that he would do anything that was needed of him, but within the right context. Posing and planting his body how it would be needed for the class; however Hannibal needed him in that way, Will could accommodate.

Both are then distracted by the sounds of students coming in, momentarily cutting through the tension that sits between the two of them.

"Good, then you know the drill. And don't mind the students, they're animals." Hannibal flashes a brilliant white, sharp toothed grin as students pile in and start to fawn, as predicted.

Will catches the Professor's gaze one more time as he tries to preemptively soothe the boy's nerves in regards to the students; or maybe it was another statement meant to unsettle him, but regardless, it does more of the latter and Hannibal's grin that follows only serves to shake free a nervous thrum under Will's flesh.

A couple students inquire, asking if he'd be modeling for the live drawings and Will gives them a small smile that hints at pearly white teeth, before a simple, 'Yes,' or a nod. Regardless of the fact that there are many more eyes in the classroom now and many more voices to flood the room, Will feels himself start to loosen just a bit, finding it a little easier when it's not simply he and Hannibal together in the quiet of one space.

Hannibal keeps a close eye on Will even as some of the students try absent conversation with him. The kid's blush and discomfort increases by the second. Hannibal really should resist from playing with a model like this but he finds the lure of Will's perfect skin too much. It is

the perfect canvas on which to paint varying shades of emotion. What was a dusting of light pink, is now dark crimson, a perfect contrast to bright blue eyes. Will is a work of art without even trying and he doesn't even know it.

He notes how Will addresses the students politely, but through a strained smile. How is this furiously awkward kid going to model? Hannibal shakes his head and turns back to the students.

After a few obligatory moments of student fawning, they all move to take their seats at their easels. As they settle in Hannibal addresses the class and gives a brief lecture on the etching techniques of the period they were studying: the renaissance.

Will would be the perfect model for this. His features were classical and almost perfectly symmetrical, well, from what Hannibal had seen. And he knows the kid's body will be accentuated with perfect lines of muscle; his neck and the strained way he swallowed had given that away. No, Hannibal doesn't miss a thing – not where beauty and aesthetics are concerned.

The first second that he's able to, Will draws himself to his feet and moves to slip behind the wall that Hannibal had pointed out earlier. As promised, there's a locker and, after shrugging off each layer of his clothes, he stows his things away inside, before reaching for the white sheet that sits in offering. If he'd even started to feel a bit more comfortable before, the slight amount of confidence starts to melt away now, knowing he would be naked in front of the entire class in moments. Wrapping the cloth sheet around himself to conceal, at least until he no longer could, helps. He can hear Hannibal talking to the class on the other side of the wall – Will has to take a small breath to steady himself, wishing his glasses were at least an option, as he prepares to step back into the crowd of the classroom.

Meanwhile, Hannibal found himself rushing through the lecture just so he could bring Will out to model. Although it's utterly inappropriate to have such erotic leanings towards a model, Hannibal was quite welcoming of the utterly inappropriate – when it suited him. Plus, Will would serve as a nice distraction whilst Hannibal trudged through the mundane world of student art – very little actual talent here, no matter how hard Hannibal tried to mold them.

Will wonders, even when listening to Hannibal conduct a class from the other side of the thin changing wall, where exactly that accent originates from – he wonders if he's the only one captivated by the sound of it, or if those in the class would sometimes finds themselves missing the point of a lesson, having been distracted elsewhere.

Hannibal stands back, arms crossed, as he speaks that bit louder over his broad shoulders to welcome Will into the room. His accent grows thicker the louder he speaks and the boy's name comes out heavy and warm over the curl of his tongue.

Moving beyond the wall and into the sea of strange eyes, Will presents himself to the class – to the Professor. And then, for the first time, his eyes seek out the Hannibal's and they stay there for more than just a breath caught in time; a small plea for even the smallest nod of guidance, even without having it completely written on his face.

In this brief moment, everything seems to fall away. One perfect moment where blood-red gaze gets lost in sea-blue. In this perfect moment in time, the room and all the students drift away and it leaves just Will and Hannibal – artist and model. This goes beyond any sense of nakedness, and any sense of art, that Hannibal had experienced before. In this moment Will blinks up at him with wide, sea-blue, beseeching eyes of innocence that are framed in heavy lashes, cutting through the air with every blink. There is a plea there, etched into soft features. They do not need spoken language.

Direct me. Mold me. Make me.

No. You are art. Muse.

It's just a matter of circumstance, and nothing further, as to why Will finds himself even mildly more flustered. Professor Lecter is intense, for lack of a better word. The boy can feel him digging fingers into the cradle of his skull just to see what's hidden inside, so keeping his guard up would be absolutely necessary. Will isn't a fan of anyone getting inside his head; not if he can help it. And yet, it's pleasantly welcomed for a blink in time when their gazes meet.

And then, it’s torn away again when Hannibal blinks slowly, nodding to the center of the room where lies a small platform, around which, all of the easels and lights were organized.

Will's bare feet carry him over cold tile floor, over to step onto the platform, before he bares himself naked for the entire classroom to feast its eyes upon, finally allowing for the white sheet to slip away and leave him completely naked to all of the eyes that surround him. Dissected, entirely. There is no eye contact now, just Will's efforts to fall into the flow of his work, loosening all of the muscles that remain tense under taut and smooth skin.

Hannibal steps forward with bated breath as Will unfurled long, perfectly proportioned limbs, painted in perfect caramel skin. He stood with an ease and grace that lead Hannibal to wonder if he hadn’t lied on his application form about having done this work before. Will was a natural.

Muse. The word continues to repeat in Hannibal’s head as he drifts around the room with the silent footfalls of a hunter fading into darkness.

Prowling behind and through the easels, he never takes his gaze off Will. He cannot help but let his gaze drift to trace over the perfect V of narrow hips, down to a surprisingly large and perfect penis. Oh the things he could do… But there is something much more to Will’s sensuality than just that – something darker. Oh, in many ways, the boy must know what he is doing and what he is capable of. Deep down in there, somewhere, is the perfect muse.

Hannibal runs a hand through his hair as he finally tears his gaze away, rubbing his palms down the front of his jeans to straighten himself and his thoughts, before offering some guidance to a few students. However, it’s not long, before he makes his way back to Will and stands silently in front of him.

Long, graceful limbs that are usually so hidden under flannels and jeans that hang from his frame and disguise him; Will's legs hold him with ease and the lengthy lines of them round up to the curve of his behind, all before dipping in and smoothing up the flow of his spine.

Yes, Will feels a heavy sense of nervousness at first, upon exposing himself so entirely, and when Hannibal comes to stand right before him and allow for eyes to rake over every inch of his skin, it only raises more goosebumps in the wake of each glance.

Arms crossed and rocking on the heels of his boots, Hannibal draws in a deep breath with gaze narrowed and his jaw set as he lets his gaze rake over Will. Once again, the room of students drifted away to leave behind just the two of them.

And Will feels it too – just he and Hannibal as the rest falls away, even for just one inhale and exhale, the rest of the world returning after porcelain ribs have expanded and then returned back to their place when Will's lungs empty. There is a connection there; the boy hastily breaks off his gaze to allow his eyes to flit away, if only to stifle a few licks of heat that threaten to burn in the pit of his stomach.

“Looser. Bend your left knee outwards. Arms up, wrists loose. Looser. Eyes hooded. Lips parted. I want you… wanton and libertine. Arch your neck, for me.” Hannibal cants his head as he directs, longish brown hair falling in his eyes, he licks his lips as words drop off his tongue like hot molasses. The kid doesn’t seem to really need direction, but be damned if Hannibal wasn’t going to give it anyway.

In his work, Will doesn't speak, but his expression and the way it paints itself speaks it all as Hannibal instructs him on how to fall further into position. Knee bends and arms lift to rest hands and wrists loosely above his shoulders as the V of Will's hips stretches and each muscle that counts the planes of his body, all leading up to the smooth column of his throat, pulls taut. Kitten-pink tongue pets over soft lips, before his mouth parts as directed and Will has to place himself elsewhere to allow his eyelids to fall, gaze half-lidded and perhaps a gentle flush crawling over the hard edges of his body.

Wanton and libertine. For him, as Hannibal requests. Neck arches and each dotted line of Will's spine winds to follow like a serpent as it sets itself and waits, then, to strike. He is there, in the moment, but not entirely. Separating himself into a quiet and welcome blanket of peace allows Will to open himself further and feel more comfortable in all that he does. It helps especially in this very strange and invasive moment in time, with this all-too-intriguing man telling the boy exactly how to hold his naked body.

Lungs draw in air once again as Will eyes scan briefly over the scene of students who watch and observe him, before sketching his image onto paper. He breathes steadily, lidded gaze catching Hannibal's once again as he exhales and each key of his ribs shift under velvet skin; taking direction. It’s true, he doesn't need it in order to place himself in a way that is pleasing to the eye, but Hannibal is the one who has the vision, before Will is able to mold it into physical form and then present it to a sea of waiting eyes. It works well – perfectly in-synch without really needing to try. Hannibal certainly knows how to voice his vision and, where Hannibal’s voice is the paintbrush, Will is the paint.

Together, between them, is art.

And Hannibal doesn’t move now, as still and statuesque as Will is, but his eyes roam over the model greedily. Dark, hooded gaze pets and traces over the line of Will’s calf, slowly creeping all the way up, past his shoulders, to rake up his neck and over his jaw in order to

reach Will’s eyes, before falling back down to his neck once again. Hannibal lifts a hand to tap a finger over his lips and then his teeth. God, he could just bite right through that neck – Will is so pliant under the weight of his voice that he has arched his throat into perfect submission.

Hannibal’s predatory nature is at the fore now and with the scent of Will’s musk in the air, he can almost imagine what he might taste like. That cock. And those ribs…. satin smooth skin stretches and shifts over them as if to form the perfect canvas. Hannibal needs to draw him. Touch him. Fuck him.

He walks around to place himself behind Will, letting his steps fall loudly so that the boy is aware he’s being circled, before he comes to a stop and Hannibal’s nostrils flare as he takes in the sight of Will’s exquisitely accentuated spine and pert ass. The curve is sublime – the same statin-smooth skin drawn over tensed muscle. Hannibal’s jaw tightens, teeth grinding as he swallows the need to lick and bite into that pert little ass. However, as Hannibal moves once again and continues to circle, he notes that Will is too thin... far too thin.

It is clear Will is struggling to make a living and food isn’t a priority. Hannibal taps his fingers over his lips and furrows his brow as he looks down, broad shoulders hunched in as he thinks silently. The thought of Will struggling unsettles him more than he would like, but it may make the kid more vulnerable to advances.

Will holds himself still, muscles taught and kept in place as his body sits comfortably in its stance. Through his stillness, he allows for only his gaze to shift every so often, lifting enough away from the tile flooring below to catch the way that Hannibal drinks in his appearance. The students surrounding him continue on, sketching Will's image to paper, but Hannibal feasts upon the boy's appearance for just that, alone. To feast.

And, god, does Will ever feel like a meal under the Professor's watchful eye. There is a squirming in the pit of his stomach that doesn't show on the outside, but rather stays festering behind his cage of flesh and bone; a nervousness that flutters about in knowing that he's being studied in some way that goes beyond art.

Or maybe it doesn't. Perhaps this strange, electric sort of buzzing in the air that he feels is an art all its own. Regardless, it only serves to heat up as Hannibal's footsteps carry him in slow circles and eyes continue to devour from each angle.

Hannibal steals another glance back up at Will with an arched brow and he is met, once again, by sea-blue. Time stills, as it always does when they connect and Hannibal blinks slowly, nodding once to indicate Will is doing a good job. However, it is the suck and roll of the Professor's tongue behind tensed jaw that lets Will know he is doing a perfect job.

Even still, Hannibal knows the power of his voice and words.

“Sublime, William.” The words roll off Hannibal’s tongue in a low, warm tone. Only just above a whisper and verging on a purr. Each word is so slow and accentuated by the curl of his accent, that it pets and winds its way around the boy like the slow embrace of a lover who is tender in the moments counting down to when the violence begins.

Will says nothing in answer – only licks out kitten-pink tongue to pet once over and wet his lips, before it disappears again and the very smallest hint of a smirk is left in its wake. The praise reaches out and strokes tender fingers over every smooth expanse of the boy's naked flesh; coaxes out his confidence and warms each layer of muscle down to the bone to make him just the slightest bit less tense.

And really? Will knows that he is good at what he does, when he allows himself to do it; falling into the ease of positioning his body just-so – painting each soft curve and hard edge of his body like an image transferred onto canvas.

Even still, something in Hannibal is disappointed. Something is missing. Even as Will stands there, naked and appearing to bare his soul for all to see, there is so much he still hides in that perfect skull of his. Hannibal clenches his fist as he imagines ripping that perfect spine and ribcage clear out of him, in order to finally see the truth of him. He would thread Will's ribs with lilies and paint his decay in the caress of wildflowers, just to suspend them above his bed. Hannibal could just lie there and watch Will's flesh and blood rot away, night after night, showering him with gore and the brutal honesty of being, before leaving behind a hollow, white shell of bone.

But the thought of no longer seeing that little velvet rib cage rising and falling with each breath of life? It is a thought that leaves behind its own hollow ache. Yes, Hannibal could kill him, but would he?

His fist unclenches in the slightest, just the same, before Hannibal clasps his hands behind his back and retreats into the darkness of the classroom. He works with some of the students, giving directions and advice, but his gaze never strayed away from Will for long.

Will can hear the Professor moving around behind him to watch the students as they work, instructing some as he goes, voice quieter than when it is directed towards Will. When he is within eyeshot and Will is able to steal a glance, he observes the way Hannibal works – watching the way he points to guide the strokes of students' charcoal over paper with muscled forearm extended and wine-dark gaze lowered.

That, too, is art.

After a while, from somewhere in the darkness of the classroom, Hannibal barks out a firm order to the boy and Will has to catch himself from allowing muscles to jump in scare for the sound of it, exhaling slowly through flared nostrils and dropping arms away from where they are raised.

"Be free, for me," Hannibal instructs, indicating that he can pose as he wishes, but he wants Will to pose for him. Yes, the crowd of the class is here, but Will and Hannibal have their own silent conversation happening here, whether Will is entirely as aware of it or not. Hannibal suspects not as this kid seems to run on instinct. Yes, there is something dark and feral under that smooth skin, but Hannibal is interested to see how Will directs his own body as art, without structure.

The platform that Will stands on is cold and white. To allow for some comfort, he bends over to grab the white sheet he had previously worn to conceal his modesty – a bend that

showcases his body before Hannibal's eyes in a way that is entirely deliberate, before he spreads the sheet over the surface he stands on, just enough to allow room, so that he can lie down. A simple position, really, but one that makes Will the perfect image of sprawled-out and laid bare.

The cannibal stifles a low growl and licks his lips, shifting to settle the growing arousal between his legs as Will shifts around and puts on a show that is entirely for Hannibal. In this, everything is on display – lewdly so. Where pert buttocks splay and narrow thighs bend as they part, the cannibal can only think about dipping in to taste, ruin, and feast on all things tight and pink. The Professor's fingers switch from drumming, to clawing down his own forearm from where his arms remain crossed over broad chest. He wants to paint that perfect canvas with bright red lines and bruised handprints – mark it as his own. He is quite sure Will's screams would be just artful.

What a rakish boy he is. Thoroughly wicked. Far more so than his little flustered persona lets on. And, how strange, that those awkward layers are peeled back under the weight of the anonymous gaze of the crowd. Thoroughly wicked and strange.

Hannibal wonders what else is hidden beneath that perfect, creamy canvas. If he could just tear him apart bone by bone…

Lying on his back, Will's spine arches away from the platform's surface just enough to leave a small dip in his back and to stretch out the cage of his ribs where they sit beneath creamy skin. One long leg extended, the other with knee just barely drawn up, Will's arms are left to relax and drape above his head. Comfortable and even more a feast to consume than the boy had been before. And this time, with the column of his throat exposed, Will arches his neck and cranes his jaw upward – tilted off to one side and resting in place there, his eyes fall briefly on the Professor again with the smallest hint of a brow arched. It's not his place to speak here, only to be instructed, but there is a quiet and almost cheeky question in this fleeting glance.

Is this 'free' enough for you?

The silent conversation continues.

What had started out as a mundane day of mundane classes has suddenly been elevated to something quite other. Hannibal watches with hungry honey-blood eyes as the boy frees himself for him.

And, oh, does Will free himself beautifully. Hannibal silently makes his way forward, sidestepping easels and transfixed students – through the quiet scraping of charcoal and huffed breaths of frustration as they desperately try to capture Will's form, but fall short. Perfection, of course, refuses to be caught and Will certainly positions himself as the perfect feast. But as much as the little rake brings out the predator in Hannibal, his urge to paint, sculpt and immortalize this boy's form is nagging at him just as strongly. For a second Hannibal's gaze flits to his own sketchbook with frustration.

The boy is horrid. Filthy. Exposed.

And Hannibal loves it. But two can play at this game. Hannibal arches a brow and offers a small smile as he nods towards Will in silent answer – yes, free enough.

Laid down and stretched out, the boy remains freed under the watchful eye of students who press charcoal to paper in small etching sounds, concentration written clearly on their features. Will also remains freed under the Professor's eye and, oh, how the man does snap teeth at the bait as the boy dangles it just out of reach. It is not an attempt to best the man, but rather to play – something much more fun and something that has Will questioning even his own motives, but he cannot deny himself the entertainment when it so willingly falls at his feet.

But Hannibal would not go without being allowed a move of his own. It's then, that the Professor walks back to his desk, before he slowly pulls off his olive sweater, allowing it to drag up the black tee shirt underneath with it. It exposes Hannibal's tanned, naked flesh and the hard lines of his tight core, torso and chest and are marked by bulky planes of muscle as he twists and turns.

Will lets his eyes trace over the light dusting of dark hair that trails in a teasing line from Hannibal's navel, down to his belt. Muscle, taut and toned is revealed for Will's hungry, hooded gaze to feast upon; he drinks it in greedily, from the chiseled carving of Hannibal's torso, and down the sharp V that ends at his pants. He watches as the sweater is set aside and Hannibal smooths his shirt back down with a faint smirk of his own.

Fuck.

It's a deliberate show of Hannibal's design now and it brings forth a flush that ribbons out in gentle pinks against the curves of Will's body. It's only a steady focus that keeps the boy's blood from rushing further south and away from a possibly embarrassing situation as the students continue to study Will's naked form. Arousal would be far too obvious and would have resulted in the boy running from where he was, to clamor on his clothes in a fruitless attempt to salvage any dignity he might possibly have left. No, instead, he focuses on channeling that heat away in steady breaths that bring ribs to rise and fall under his bare flesh.

The boy's struggle to fend off arousal had not gone unnoticed. Pity. Hannibal has little care for such things such as dignity. He would have loved to have seen that pretty cock fill with blood, stiffen and throb just for him. To trace those pulsing veins with charcoal and tongue.

As Will lies there, relaxed and limp like a less fallen Henry Fuseli's Nightmare, the other's Herculean form is accentuated by the black tee shirt as the Professor's biceps strain under the cotton. But Hannibal isn't done yet.

"Beautiful." He purrs as he strides back over to Will and positions himself, standing in a wide stance beside him, over him, almost looming as he addresses his students. "Now, here we have a very classical renaissance pose, but I want you to go beyond that. Can anyone remember what Plato said about beauty?" Hannibal speaks with absolute authority and his withering gaze cuts through the room, but not a sound is heard in answer.

A pause, and then Hannibal continues.

“Plato asserted that everything and anything that was considered beautiful was only considered so because it was breakable. Look at the arch of the model’s spine and the curve of his neck. Perfect submission. Now, I want you to etch the bones – only the bones. Etch them as though they were straining... breaking.”

Hannibal looks down at the boy and holds out a hand over him, beckoning once and then, simply orders, “Arch higher,” as he folds one finger in.

As Will slowly arches his spine in answer, Hannibal orders yet again, “Arch higher,” and folds his second finger in. Two more to go.

And arch higher, he does. Spine curves further and lifts Will more dramatically from the platform that he lies on, going and going in a gradual rise, until brows knit just slightly and the vertebrae in his spine shift to allow it. Finally, when he feels as though he might break with the bend of his body, the boy stops and keeps it held in place.

Will lets his head fall back, unable to look off to his side any longer from this sharper angle, but in response to this new challenge, he lets eyes flit upwards towards the Professor that looms above, lips parting in the slightest to allow a heated huff past them that spreads his exposed ribs, before they fall back into place once again. This, alone – holding his body on strained muscle in a sharp backwards arch as he gazes up towards the man who directs it – this is single-handedly one of the most erotic moments in Will's life and there isn't even a single hand pressing a touch against him.

Watching every minute detail in the boy’s stretched body, Hannibal then allows eyes to fall back behind lids that shut and relax him into the dark as Will holds his broken position for those around him and the one above him. Eyelids lifting once again, the Professor catches Will’s heated huff and slowly snaps his teeth in return, expression neutral and eyes dark – pupils lust-blown, but for all the class knows, Hannibal is just stretching his jaw.

He is playing Will like a puppet on a string. He wants him at breaking point, not for the class – no, the class is just a convenient excuse to see if this rakish boy will break solely for him. All the while, Hannibal’s head is slightly canted to look down at Will, an arch of a brow and careful smirk playing across his vicious features. The colour in his eyes seems to shift between blood-red and honey-gold as he takes complete control of the boy, breaking him in two to see what is hidden at the core there, all within the public eye

Whatever it is between them, it is an art that they slowly begin to master in a fluid game of tug-of-war. Be it silent conversation, or the sensual motions of a dance they share through mind alone, each of their thoughts reach out with outstretched fingers in the effort to grab hold of one more thread of the other.

Will can sense it just as well – this ever-rising heat between them. Just another piece of the conversation that's uttered out for only them to hear, or another motion that each body makes to claim every sweeping move of their dance. This moment is entirely theirs, alone, regardless that they are two strangers in the middle of many eyes.

The Professor continues to stand over Will, silently, stance wide and hands now behind his back as he gazes out across the room, as if surveying the vast sea of his own creation.

However, as his gaze appears coolly focused on the room ahead, he murmurs only loud enough for Will to hear, “My, how you submit, break, and… blush, exquisitely.”

And all before he can measure Will’s reaction to his words he steps away and retreats into the darkness without a look back, attending to the students needs.

The boy feels a pleasant ache in the pit of his stomach in answer to words meant only for him, the jut of his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallows thickly even through the angled arch of his neck. Having had attention brought to it, Will can feel himself heat further and the flush that he wears kisses his skin in a warm glow wherever it rests on smooth curves and angles.

Perhaps it is the amount of eyes on him and the still-present nervousness that chimes out in the back of his head, or perhaps it is the way his current position strains at muscles painfully, but Will is still able to fend off his arousal.

But, oh, does Will ever want, regardless. Tall, with chiseled features, Hannibal is all hard planes and wicked glances on a darkened gaze. Will wants to tear himself apart under those watchful eyes, if only to present himself open and willing to the older man. Muscles ache as he continues to hold himself in position and the gentlest hint of a sweat works itself into a slight glow on his flesh that paints the areas that the light kisses most.

As he rests there, strained to remain in place and eyes lidded to a tight close, Will silently wonders to himself how good a fuck Hannibal might be.

Of course, he'd have to be good. With each lock of their gaze, alone, it feels as if the Professor is spreading Will's legs with wide hands, just to crawl between the boy's thighs and fuck into him with a vehement want. He wonders if Hannibal would tease, just as much as the purr of his voice teases Will without the touch of his hand at all.

Will wonders if Professor Lecter likes to fuck violently.

As Hannibal moves through the room, he steals a glance over at Will now and again. He knows the pose is uncomfortable and, as such, he allows the class to run over an extra fifteen minutes, just to watch the sweat bead and glisten on Will’s strained frame. It catches like diamonds on velvet under the harsh studio light and Hannibal finds himself retreating to the shadows to breathe his way through the heat and adjust himself. Even when he returns, the Professor is still licking his lips and running a strained hand through his hair, before smoothing over the hard line of his jaw.

The urge to storm over there and break that perfect spine of his in two is overwhelming, but so it the urge to roll him over and split the boy in two with his aching cock. A thousand images flick through Hannibal’s mind – of paintings from the serene to gaudy and macabre that simply must be etched to canvas, all the way to sculptural pieces, made of both blood and bone.

While the muse might hold all the power, they really must be careful of what they set fire to. Passion can be a terribly violent thing. But then, Hannibal has a sense Will delights in

violence. He is also quite sure Will had never met anyone – anything, quite like Hannibal at all.

The students' work is a cut above today and Hannibal doesn't need to question why or how. Still, he drifts between the easels with a genuine, sharped tooth grin on his face as he offers the occasional pat on the shoulder to his excelling, but also struggling students. Not a single student has failed to be inspired by the sumptuous feast Will has offered up.

With a sudden vulturistic twist of his head and snap of words, Hannibal finally speaks. "Class, we are done for the day," but as he looks towards Will, he shakes his head ever so slightly, as if to indicate he is not to move until he says.

The students are immediately distracted, bustling around with the squeal of easels and chairs against wooden floors, echoing around the high ceilings of the studio and softened only by the fluttering of crinkled papers and the occasional whisper.

Hannibal saunters towards where Will is posed, and pauses briefly at his head, peering down, directly in Will's line of vision. Hannibal cants his head and rubs his broad, powerful paint-stained hands over one another, showing off the strength of his forearms and watching as the boy follows every motion. In a very pointed display for only Will to catch – one that could just as easily be interpreted as Hannibal flexing his hands after a long day of teaching – the Professor cinches long fingers in a motion very similar to slowly crushing Will's arched neck from where he looms above. At the same time, his tongue drags slowly over his lips and his eyes strip Will's body of another layer, digging for his soul.

Will has no question now. Professor Lecter definitely likes to fuck violently.

"Will, you are free from me again. For now. See me after the class leaves for your payment."

It is then that Will finally breaks position, letting his spine fall and a very intentional groan exhale to hiss out past parted lips. It's a sound that might come with anyone shifting out of an uncomfortable pose, but it's dropped from the boy's tongue specifically for the man that looms above. As well as shifting from an uncomfortable position, he is shifting from their electric dance – something charged with sexual energy that climaxes, just before they part. It is a sated sound, like reaching completion with bodies entwined.

As Hannibal turns away, he can just barely be heard, murmuring under his breath, "Mano mažasis mūza. Mano, kaip aš sunaikins jus." Although his tone is still warm and swirling, these words cut the air with an edge of violence not expressed by Hannibal before. This tone of violence reeks of sex and paints the air in an otherworldly darkness that drips over Will's body like hot blood. It seeps into all of Will's crevices and cracks, staining him in a way that is beyond words or sense.

The boy is marked.

Mūza.

Will doesn't understand the language of the words, but they still work to pet goosebumps on his flesh in their wake as he moves to stand and gather the sheet around himself once again.

As soon as he's out of position and his body is covered by cloth, Will finds his nervousness crawling back to the forefront of his mind; he retreats back into himself once again, just as he retreats back behind the far wall to get dressed.

Meanwhile, Hannibal leans heavily against his desk as students pile in on him with questions and, of course, the various requests for private tutoring. He rolls his neck and scratches his jaw, brushing it off. One student has always been particularly persistent in his quest for Hannibal’s attention, but the boy certainly doesn’t need it, he is so well-gifted that his talent rivals that of his Professor’s. His want for attention is clearly anything but professional, even though Hannibal has explained time and time again that it is against University guidelines. But, just as often, the student has asserted that a man like Hannibal pays no heed to rules, or guidelines. He is right, of course, but Hannibal chooses when and whom he breaks those rules for.

Clothes hiding him away and glasses pressed back onto the bridge of his nose, Will keeps his distance while he makes a reappearance and class continues to speak their Professor – some more excitedly than others. He overhears enough to feel a small flicker of jealousy in his gut when one student in particular comes across as especially adamant. Why does he feel jealous? How silly. However, he can't help but wonder if maybe there is a common theme with Hannibal – if maybe the Professor has an affinity for his students. Will isn't exactly one of the man's students, but the nature of their tension lies heavily on Will taking direction.

Hannibal himself, wonders just how much the model had overheard when looks up to see Will waiting on the other side of the classroom. It is clear Will has slipped back into his awkward, prickly persona with baggy jeans, sloppy shirt and glasses. Fuck, how Hannibal hates those glasses, but he sees through that façade, now more than ever. He sees through to Will’s nakedness, his teasing smirk, his filthy and innate sensuality, his ever-so-breakable bones and, of course, his black little Mūza soul.

The boy keeps his gaze held away, off to the side, until the classroom starts to empty and the students begin to drift away, leaving them alone once again. Hannibal doesn’t say a word; he simply waits for the boy to finally approach him, before motioning for Will to give him his hand. The air around them is thick and silent now as it crowds in hot, making it hard to breathe as longer fingers wrap over the circumference of Will's slim wrist, holding it in place so that Hannibal can slip one-hundred dollars cash into his palm, as promised. Along with the original payment, is an extra fifty dollars (the boy has more than earned it) and a slip of paper with an address and a time – tomorrow night, 10pm.

Hannibal doesn’t release his grip just yet, arching his brow with a questioning smirk and having no doubt the boy will take the bait without even knowing what, who, or why. Such things don’t matter in art. True art. Even now, creation crackles around them with strange currents of electric lust. His fingers slowly brush over Will’s pulse and pet over oh-so-many fine, snap-able bones of the boy’s narrow wrist.

The touch is soft and Will parts his lips with the soft drag of kitten-pink tongue over the curve of them as he inhales a sharp lungful, all before it's exhaled slow and the boy gives Hannibal his answer in the way in that way that eyes do not dare dart away now. No, there is no desperate attempt at hiding himself any further, after he’d already been so exposed.

However, both additional gifts draw one of Will's brows to arch and his gaze to lift and lock on the other's over the rim of his glasses. Why? Curiosity burns and twists the boy inside out – he'd be driving himself mad with anticipation until the time listed on the small sheet of paper, but he knows it doesn't truly matter. He would be there, regardless.

And Hannibal knows. He absolutely knows that Will would be there tomorrow.

Without a word, the Professor releases his grip on Will's wrist and turns back to his work. The dangerous, but playfully artful tug of war continues.

Will is dismissed.

The boy slips out of the classroom and, in that moment, his heart begins its nervous hammering behind his ribs once again, skin crawling in the anticipation for what may possibly lie ahead.

Chapter 2

Chapter by bonelines

Chapter Summary

A gruesome, dark, erotic reality.

The day that follows after the first drawing session moves forward at a snail's pace. Will had deposited the money that Hannibal paid him into his account and spent the rest of the night, into the following day, reflecting on what had happened. This mysterious man, a stranger by all definition of the word, had effectively crawled under Will's skin and made himself comfortable there, lingering in the back of his mind as an afterthought to every action that Will now took.

He's so entirely curious, that it's beginning to consume him by the time he leaves his own apartment and takes a taxi over to the address written on the slip of paper that Hannibal had given to him. Ten in the evening— it's dark and the rain falls down towards the Earth in a steady beat that washes over the roof of the taxi and keeps Will grounded in the moment. His nerves threaten to get the best of him as the car rounds a corner and his destination lies less than a mile away.

What exactly is he walking into?

Will only has a couple minutes left to think on it, before the taxi pulls off to the side of the road and stops in front of the building, no turning back now. The driver is quickly paid and, with his jacket zipped and hood drawn up to avoid what rain he can, the boy exits the car and heads towards the belly of the beast. He feels as though he is walking to the chopping block, ready for the silver platter— one where he sprawls himself over the cold surface of the table and allows himself to be consumed by gnashing, wicked teeth. There is a flicker of fear and nervousness, but it's overshadowed by the thrum of excitement that seems to fill him entirely.

While Will presses the doorbell and waits, upstairs, Hannibal stands with shoulders set back as he watches the streetlights and traffic sparkle in the rain, water rushing down the slanted windows of his penthouse studio apartment. It was probably someone’s attic back in the day, but now it is considered inner-city prime real estate with an amazing view. From here, he can see the whole of New York glow and into the beyond.

The Professor’s fingers flick with mild agitation, head pressed to the window, the cool glass helping to bring down the heat that crashes through him in waves as he waits for Will. And he has no doubt the boy will come, he is just eager to get started, looking back over the apartment once more to check that everything is in its place. Hannibal has a certain way about him; he likes things *just so.*

Even above the waft of cigarette smoke, the whole apartment smells distinctly of *art*: turpentine, oils and the musty scent of paper and stretching canvasses. A hint of pine freshens the air from where frames are lined against the far wall. Hannibal puffs out an air of smoke almost with a kiss; none of this matters. The scent of the boy *still* lingers on his tongue, even though an entire day has passed. The boy will come, there is no doubt, but how much of a taste will he allow— how much will Hannibal take? Something about Will tells the artist to savor him. When the buzzer rings, Hannibal's gaze snaps away from its focus, before he strolls over and takes a deep drag of smoke as he buzzes Will up.

The sound to indicate the door's unlocked state causes Will to startle slightly, every nerve in his body now alight and everything in him on fire with adrenaline. He reaches to pull back the glass door and makes his way up, eyes scanning for the number that would reveal Hannibal behind it— up to the top, until he steadies a breath and knocks on the right room. Time pauses for a second and breath is held captive within the cage of Will's lungs.

Will has no idea what the true nature of this second encounter between them would be. Hannibal could have very well invited him over for nothing but a quick hook-up; a heated fuck to chase away the tension left behind from the previous day. No, the boy wouldn't argue and would accept every touch with equal fervor, just as eager to consume this man as he was yesterday, but the thought of their interactions ending after tonight leaves an ache in his stomach.

He wants to know the Professor's body— craves it deeply, but he wants to know so much more than that as well.

When the door opens, the Professor stands on the other side of the threshold and eyes are locked on the boy immediately— Hannibal's gaze bores holes into his pale flesh as a finger is brought up to the older man's mouth in indication that Will stay silent. With fear, nervousness, and a jittery sense of wonder at the situation entirely already, Will purses heart-shaped lips together with a slow and confused sort of nod, before he is drawn inside, no words between them besides those that are exchanged in the language of eyes.

Hannibal crowds him against the wall as soon as Will is inside, not allowing him much room as the door is shut with a swift flick of the man's wrist— the thud it makes upon latching closed brings Will to start, finally breaking eye contact with a small huff through flares nostrils and gaze falling off to the side.

Delightful. Thinks the Professor.

For what feels like an eternity, they don't move from this place. Hannibal stays within close proximity and they continue to breathe into the space between them— Will feels his insides squirming with the desire to crawl away and pry the man's eyes off of him, but his gaze is lifted when Hannibal finally moves and reaches out to take glasses between the grasp of long fingers, sliding them from Will's face and stowing them away in the other's pocket where he cannot get to them. Will feels naked now, as if every article of clothing has been removed before Hannibal's eyes once again, and he is left with nothing more to hide behind.

Fuck.

And yet, he does not protest. Will stays silent, just as he'd been instructed.

A few more silent breaths into the close proximity, before Hannibal turns away, his bare feet padding across the floor to finally put some distance between them. It's only then, that Will is able to fully take in the vision of the apartment. The structural walls and fixtures are all matte black and there are no internal walls, save for the small bathroom at the other end of the studio. In the center there is a black platform, just like that at the university studio, and piled on the surface, there are a few pale sheets.

Will moves further into the apartment on careful, curious steps to study all that he can of this man's living-space. Hannibal is standing by his neatly made bed— all dark linen and dark throws, while in the opposite corner is his stainless steel lined kitchen. The apartment is lit only by a few strategic studio lights and they are set with diffusers to lower and soften the quality of light that now drifts like a mist over the air, focusing in on the platform where he will position Will *just so* .

The walls are lined with oddities: taxidermy, bones, mirrors and strange artworks that all hint at the sexual or macabre. In contrast, the floor is bare, polished concrete except for one bright red Persian rug that lies just in front of the black platform, stretched out and ending where an easel sits— it sags with the weight of paper pinned against it. The matching trolley, all in artist's workspace, is overflowing with supplies. Charcoal, paints, brushes, pencils, inks, knives— everything one could ever need to capture and pin down their muse.

From off to the side, Hannibal moves to light a cigarette, handing it over to Will as the older man moves just the slightest bit closer. The boy takes it gratefully, held between index and middle finger to be brought up to his mouth, filling his lungs and savoring where he had been pressed between the Professor's lips just seconds before. Gaze falls away from Hannibal quickly, further taking in the sight of the platform, to where sheets are piled on top and a small table sits just next to it. Small, and closer to the appearance of a stool, a smaller cloth of its own drapes over where the table supports a bundle of cash and a dark glass bowl of fresh fruit; *now* the boy understands.

Hannibal wants to capture Will's image. *Oh* . There is definitely a new flutter of excitement that comes with this. Will turns, then, to seek out the other man's gaze once again in a silent question, unsure if he should continue to hold his tongue or not— he is out of his element, but Will knows that he can very well make this into his element, if he tries. He will learn, just as he had learned the day before.

The Professor seats himself behind the easel without a word and reaches up to pull off the fabric of his shirt to leave himself bare, down to the line of his pants. Hannibal isn't fond of clothes when creating art. The thin cotton falls to the ground, his eyes never leaving Will's and Hannibal sits with paintbrush in-hand, appearing focused on the paper directly in front of him that remains attached to the easel, his brow furrowed and jaw set, but his blood-hot gaze tracking Will's every movement ever-still. Arms crossed and bare foot tapping the concrete, Hannibal can't quite decide if he enjoys the boy's confusion, or sudden flirtatious confidence more. He idly wonders what Will's fear would look like… taste like… *feel like* …. under his hands. Once again, he finds himself massaging his own knuckles just to feel skin on skin.

He nods to Will and arches his brow as he lights up another cigarette for himself now. *Continue.*

What should he do? Would Hannibal prefer he stripped himself bare? He never directly says — Will is supposed to intuit this and know it without words. A thick and nervous swallow while shifting where he stands, before the boy finally moves and decides to mirror Hannibal. Careful of the cigarette balanced between nimble fingers, he shrugs off his jacket and then, pulls away the fabric of his own shirt to reveal smooth skin. This is something the man has already seen, and had seen *even more of* before now, but this is an entirely new setting. No words, the boy keeps his jeans where they are, hanging below the bones of his hips, before cradled cigarette is brought back to rest between plush lips as Will shifts to make himself comfortable on the platform.

With the boy stripped halfway, Hannibal's gaze and attention is now locked on him entirely, head tilting towards him and his cat-like eyes with their blood-dark hue narrow to trace his every motion as if committing it to memory. His own full lips part to drag in silent heated breaths as the boy lowers himself and stretches out like a feast— he is practically *begging* to be dined upon. Hannibal's fingertips run slowly over each other as he remains deep in thought, imagining the silk of Will's skin in place of his own

Mūza.

However unsure he may be, Will can recall the previous day to memory, and today is no different. This is a game between the two of them, and so, Will makes his move— leaning back until he is lying against the cool surface, Will's clothed legs remain bent with one ankle propped up and resting on opposite knee. A position of casual relaxation and eyes away from the man who seats himself at his easel now, Will draws in a long inhale, if only to showcase the perfect rise of each rib with it, before they carefully fall back down with his exhale, released with a small hum behind the purse of his lips.

Hannibal watches each curved bone play under the roll of air like a coaxing hand waving him in— Hannibal's own hand twitches, aching to snap perfectly sculpted ribs and tear through porcelain flesh. Not all the bones hanging on the older man's walls are… *strictly animal* . His tongue runs over his lips, wanting to play over the dips and curves of Will's body, collar bone to hip bone. Hannibal wants more than what he's given already and the boy knows it. While Will is still nervous and unsure of himself, he is not so much that he'd allow Hannibal complete control of this game. No— it takes *two* to tango.

A pause and Will stays, laid back like this for a moment, before he angles his jaw to the side and peers towards at the man over the bow of his shoulder as his cheek rests there in a way that's almost coy. It's intentional, just as is the arch of his brow and the tiny smirk that paints itself over Will's features, just as one hand brings the cigarette back to his mouth and the other hand begins to trail fingers down his abdomen— down, down, *down* towards the line of his jeans, where he undoes the button in one flick of his wrist, the zipper following suit. Brow arches higher now. Is *this* what Hannibal wants? Would he have the boy unclothed for his eyes to feast on once again— this time, for his eyes only, in the privacy of his home?

With each move in the game, the older man watches. And now, Hannibal's breath stills as the boy starts to tease, each motion smooth and toying as his hand attentively tracing all the places Hannibal wishes that he could go. No, not just yet. Not… *yet.*

When the boy stops, making no moves to undress further as he wears a feigned expression of confusion for what the Professor could *possibly* want— Hannibal stands up ever so slowly and, with an ungodly grace, eases his way over to where the boy lies, half naked. As Hannibal rounds in closer, he smacks the heel of his hand with the paintbrush kept between strong fingers, the flexible wood whipping hard enough against the flesh of his palm to echo throughout the studio with a sharp ' *crack* .' Oh, Hannibal knows the game the boy is playing here and is more than happy to comply.

Standing at the boy's feet, the Professor locks his gaze on Will's sea-blue and whacks his own hand one more time, with enough force now that the wood almost cracks from the strain. Each sound of wood colliding with the other's flesh is enough to whittle down Will's confidence in small breaks, drawing out more of his underlying fear. A self-consciousness and a worry that the moves Will makes, regardless of how much they tease, cannot beat the pure strength that Hannibal seems to exude. And, overall, he feels a heavy nervousness— what would the Professor do? Watching him loom over Will is enough to make the boy squirm, gaze falling away in wishing that glasses were perched back onto the bridge of his nose to better hide himself in this moment.

This is much different than the classroom setting. It dawns on Will that he has no idea what this man is actually capable of— in the privacy of his own home, Hannibal has the freedom to do what he might not have been able to when surrounded by his students. Will feels more and more like a meal with every passing second. And surely, with the look in Hannibal's eyes, he would not object to consuming the boy entirely.

Placing the paint brush between his teeth, lips just barely pulled back on a snarl to reveal pointed canines as he bites down with a loud ' *chomp* ' of bone against wood. With this, Hannibal mirrors the boy's actions and palms down his own chest, fingers brushing down over the trail of dark hair leading down to his pants. Without hesitation and with a small flick of his fingers, Hannibal's jeans pop open and drop to the floor, freeing his rock hard erection.

"Oh my god..." Will breaks the silence, unable to stifle his words that are hissed out past dropped jaw as his eyes widen and heart hammers alarmingly violent in his chest. Fuck, fuck, *fuck* . He hadn't been expecting that. A look of complete shock, a deer caught in headlights, and Will allows his eyes to drop— watching the way Hannibal's long fingers move to wrap around the thick base of his cock and give it a smooth stroke. It's an image of both filth and renaissance beauty. The older man is perfectly sculpted, all hard muscles under taut skin, with hard edges and long limbs— but once each line of Hannibal's body is sketched to memory, Will cannot help the way his eyes continue to stray back to where strong hand wraps around flushed arousal as the older man tugs again and again. Hannibal is teasing, goading, seducing, and almost *threatening* with erotic promise.

The Professor is very well-endowed— long, thick, and uncut where the surface of his palm covers swollen and throbbing flesh. Will finds himself so *painfully* hard in answer that he nearly feels himself grow light-headed with the rush of blood going south.

It is at *this* point that Hannibal raises his brow, a smirk on his sculptured lips as he simply walks off, turning to stride back across the room on long limbs in a motion that reveals his own powerful, thoroughbred curves of muscle and sharp angles of bone. Hannibal has the body of a Greek God, and for all Will knows, he is dealing with the likes of a God. Hannibal wields power like one and he sure as hell will fuck like one with a cock that size.

Will is determined to have exactly what he wants now, and what he wants, is to know *exactly* what it's like to be fucked to near-incoherence by Professor Lecter.

Lips parted and jaw still dropped just enough to betray his shock, Will watches as Hannibal turns and leans down on the bend of long legs to reach for another cigarette, before taking his place behind the easel once again. Now Will *really* doesn't know what to do— tongue creeps out to wet his lips nervously as he remains still, blinking away his jarred expression and swallowing thickly.

The boy's erection strains visibly in the confines of his jeans and his own cigarette burns in his left hand, simply cradled there between two fingers and ignored for the time being. It's his turn to make a move now— Hannibal makes that clear in his narrowed gaze and the at-rest position he takes back behind his work.

The way Will squirms and swears, despite himself— he is a sensual delight to the older man. So easy to shock, but just as shocking in return; a collision of pure innocence and utter filth. Those bright blue eyes and stunned expression hint at what the younger man might look and taste like when he is afraid. Hannibal would pounce and terrify him now, expose him to the cannibalistic monster that lies within, if it wasn't for the openly-hungry expression the boy continues to the line of his cock with.

Hannibal knows, in that moment, there are going to be *so many* terrible and wonderful ways to destroy his Mūza— starting with the boy's pink erection, straining in his jeans. He has no compunction about letting his own gaze focus there in return and Hannibal's obvious salaciousness only increases Will's want to melt into the floor and hide away. The need to disappear itches under the surface, but excitement and curiosity flutter tiny wings in the cradle of the younger man's stomach, scattering feathers and beating about against the walls of his insides.

The thrill of the game overpowers any hesitation in this moment, wanting only to feel the heat of the room rise higher. Will finally moves and places cigarette between plush lips for safe-keeping while his hips lift and hands reach to push pants, along with boxer-briefs, down the length of his legs, kicking them off with his boots and socks to join them.

Bare . Both of them are completely naked and still entirely separated, without hands clawing out to reach for each exposed plane of flesh. Patient, and entirely impatient at the same time, as the need to touch, taste, and fuck tumbles to the forefront on instinct— instinct that is very much fully on display now. Will's cock is hard, flushed, and curved to rest against his navel from where the boy lies back atop the platform. He takes the cigarette away from mouth to exhale a soft plume of smoke in its wake, slow and winding out past the wet curve of his tongue. A show; he allows his nudity to be feasted upon once again by the other man, but this time, Will allows himself to be the flushed and hungry image of arousal, chest rising and

falling with it to allow tiny huffs of breath that threaten just on the verge of much more wanton sounds.

As Hannibal sits and watches, his cool expression doesn't change. He does, however, note how Will's strip-tease has become more rushed and awkward. And my, does he notice the boy's beautiful cock— gaze feasting on hard, pulsing flesh. The circumcised tip allows him to drink in the fully-swollen head, along with the purple veins that lead up to it, filling it with blood that strains under the surface of perfect, shiny skin. Hannibal's own cock twitches in response, wanting nothing more than to press his mouth against the tip of the crown in a teasing kiss, until his lips are stained with pearly salt and Will is *begging* for release.

Dragging his tongue over his lips in wake of the thought, Hannibal places his cigarette back in his mouth and proceeds to run the slim handle of his paint brush between his powerful fingers. He strokes it gently back and forth as his gaze locks with Will's and then drifts down to rake over every intimate curve of the boy's body. The only betrayal of Hannibal's increasing arousal, other than the throbbing erection between his thighs, is the way his cigarette smoke puffs out in smaller and faster plumes, trailing out through flared nostrils.

It's only a moment's pause, however, before Will changes the game again and shifts— lithe body turning to roll onto his belly, effectively hiding his erection underneath himself as he lies in this new position.

Hannibal freezes to study each way that the younger man moves, presented with a luscious image of perfectly curved spine and pert buttocks while Will's elbows rest against the surface he lies on, resting the side of his face in one palm to keep his gaze cast over towards the Professor. Will's other hand remains draped over the side of the platform with cigarette held between index and middle finger, but oh, he isn't done yet. As Will cants his hips even *further* , his arm outstretched and wrist loose in the perfect, lascivious repose, Hannibal is quite sure the boy is begging for a fucking— a brutal one at that. The curve of that ass is singing to be bitten, slapped and ruined. Hannibal presses his tongue against the filter of his cigarette never having wanted to tongue-fuck someone so badly in his life. He wants to taste the insides of this lewd, pert, angel, even if he has to rip him apart to do it; bone by bone.

Yes, the position Will takes is the same that one might take when laying out to read in the grass, book bared open against the ground as you peer down into its pages, legs kicked up behind you, but Will doesn't allow it to be something so innocent. His spine arches just enough to lift hips from the platform a few inches, before driving them back down to rest where they were. A smooth grind of his cock between himself and hard surface of the platform for both his benefit and Hannibal's. The friction draws another small, more audible huff of a breath from the boy just as it showcases the way spine dips into backside, all as Will keeps his gaze off to the side, towards the Professor.

Always watching one another and all without spoken words to guide each challenge that is presented next.

Hannibal struggles to breathe down a groan as he watches the slow grind of hips against the platform, just the once— wantonly teasing as Will's tight, little body slides and arches in all the right ways to inspire all the right art. Where a sharp line ends, a pert curve begins, all encased in angelically smooth skin that hovers over his bones more like mist than flesh.

Hannibal flexes his fist, wishing he could sink right into the boy, right through his flesh and muscle, if only to swim beyond a bone barrier and drink down his soul.

Mūza .

Hannibal is determined not just to experience, but also *own* this boy— to mold him into art. He wants to hold up a mirror for Will to see *exactly* what he is and what he has *done* to the monster that wears Hannibal's face.

But the boy is far from blind. He can sense the darkness lying in wait and he can see the fire that his sensual motions ignite within Hannibal. Will wants to fan those flames further and see just where it might take him.

The look in the Professor's eyes is an expression that reaches out with long fingers and presses a different kind of touch to the boy's bare flesh. It pets Will in all the right ways— in all the right *places* , as it spreads him open and fucks itself into him. The boy on the platform nearly moans with it, the weight of Hannibal's gaze, alone, further hardening his cock from where it remains pressed between the dip of his belly and the flat surface he lies on. Exquisite. He's never been so thoroughly *fucked* by just a single glance, but he has to think that perhaps it is because no one else has had the ability to bore eyes into Will's very *soul* .

To have and to be had. Somehow, Hannibal has infiltrated the cradle of his skull and pulled all the strings necessary to keep Will's thoughts on only him— even after having known one another for such a short amount of time.

Come to think of it, Will doesn't really know Hannibal at all, but it doesn't matter when all this does is make the boy more curious He just wants to know more and he wants to continue to press all of Professor Lecter's buttons, just to learn what makes the man tick.

Hannibal takes another full drag of his cigarette as his other hand drops down to finally stroke over his cock. He strokes just enough to draw forth a bead of pre-cum, which he then swipes against the paper in front of him, just before beginning to work ink over the page. Everything is done in silence, only the sound of rain between them… and the race of blood and breath in their ears.

And as Hannibal works in their mutual silence, Will soaks up the attention that his newfound nudity grants him. Hannibal watches Will with a hunger that the boy revels in, drowning himself in the way that wine-dark gaze devours every dip and curve of exposed body. This is, after all, why the older man had requested that he come to his home... right? To be feasted upon by Hannibal's hungry eyes and paint brush— to be made a muse for the Professor's work. There is no harm in the boy enjoying the attention that this grants him, even if just a little.

More time passes and Hannibal cycles between dragging the bristles of the brush over coarse paper surface while pulling slow and concentrated from his cigarette that, more often than not, burns down to a thin line of ash because Hannibal is so transfixed by the boy laid out ahead. Frequently, the older man's hand strays away from his work to wrap long fingers around the stiffness of his ever-erect cock and stroke. Every time the rather crude action is taken, Will drops his gaze from where he remains still and positioned, if only to watch the

way the Professor touches himself. Peeking through the curtain— he is incredibly turned on, just by getting to see how the Professor might pleasure himself when he is alone and with the need to get off.

It's hot, heavy, and utterly filthy, but they fall into a rhythm that's damn-near hypnotic as they alternate between the sound of paintbrush against paper, to the sound of skin stroking over skin.

In one swift, violent motion Hannibal suddenly rips off the page he had been working on, the loud sound of tearing paper bringing the boy back to reality— watching as Hannibal finally leaves his space behind the easel and strides over to lay the page out on the floor before him.

"Oh, fuck."

Oh, fuck is right.

The explicative is exhaled past plush lips that part once again with dropped jaw as Will's eyes fall on the positively depraved image laid out for him— ink painted to create the perfect image of Will, sprawled just as he is now, lazy and libertine, but with Hannibal bent over him, pinning him down and fucking him from behind. On the paper, Hannibal's hand is clamped around Will's throat, dragging him back against the older man, arching him further than he already is to curve his spine in a violent sort of elegance. Under Hannibal's hand, in the image, Will is nearly bent in two.

Due to Hannibal's skill the creation has incredible motion to it— the image, although still two-dimensional, almost appears to be moving in the expression of fluid motion and tiny wisps of ink that had been left behind by the ghost of his paintbrush. As such, within this created fantasy, the powerful thrusts of Hannibal's hips against Will's ass are immediately clear, moving in smooth strokes that follow each darkened line, or watered-down blotting of ink. Perhaps the only disturbing element of the image is the large stain of black that can be seen, pooling out from under Will's ribs— it's not hard to decipher immediately that it's blood. Regardless of whatever injuries the boy has in the creation, both men's expressions are flushed and hooded with lips parted— the very epitome of erotic bliss. One can almost hear the lewd groans and moans cried out from the page ink stroked onto the page.

Regardless of the horror, or perhaps *because* of it, the image truly is beautiful.

Beautiful and terrifying and absolutely depraved.

Will's widened gaze is locked on the sheer art of he and Hannibal fucking in a mess of his own blood as the boy swallows thickly and digs the line of pearly teeth into the soft curve of his bottom lip. It feels like he's been brought a gift; dropped off by monster's maw and left to lay out, opened and bloody in the sun. Anyone else might have been terrified, but Will can only study, transfixed by the way in which the Professor has perfectly captured each curve of his body. He has been immortalized in ink and brush— all in the stroke of the artist's wrist.

At the same time as Hannibal sets down the ink image for Will, he also sets down his paint pallet, covered with premixed colours, lush and perfect in their match to Will's skin and hair tones. It is clear, now, just *how* closely Hannibal had been paying attention to the way in

which the younger man's skin had flushed the previous day. Hannibal had come home and immediately mixed up the oil colours to match Will's flesh tones perfectly, all from memory, before he'd frozen them to store overnight and use today. Such was his confidence in the boy's arrival.

And just when Will thinks that this move, alone, had been enough to stump him entirely, Hannibal shifts beside him to lay himself down with long legs stretching out— the Professor leans back onto his elbows, all the muscles in his strong arms and broad shoulders flexed tight as he gives full attention to pleasuring himself once again. Hannibal strokes his own hefty cock in slow tugs of his fist and makes a show, at first, with gentle touches that brush down over his balls and over the dusting of coarse hair there.

The boy watches, hungry and never breaking his gaze. Although Hannibal gazes upon him with open lust, Will still feels like he's watching something he isn't supposed to— it feels wrong, but *God* , does it ever feel good. He watches with a burning intensity, breath hitched in his throat as the other man occasionally gives his cock a good slap, the sound of flesh whacking on flesh echoing throughout the studio. As Hannibal strokes faster, his hard, tanned flesh flushes darker and pearls of pre-cum drip into the line of hair running up his abdomen.

A moan is sighed out; soft, breathy, and barely-there when it finally manages to break through and ride out past the wetness of Will's tongue as he exhales heavily, eyes drinking in the way Hannibal tugs at the thickness of his own cock and works himself closer and closer to climax.

As such, closer the Professor gets to cumming, the heavier his gaze weighs on all the lines of Will's body. In a brief moment of lusting frenzy, the cannibal's hand dares to ghosts over the curve of Will's tight ass, drawing a trembling groan from the boy that seeks to coax out more. Will's skin is on fire in his need as arousal climb higher and higher, and so, the younger man lifts his hips— just enough to feel the ghost of Hannibal's touch, cupped against curved bottom.

Now, all Hannibal can think about it parting those perfect cheeks and sinking his shaft into his tight, pink hole— feeling Will tremble around and under him as he fills him completely.

The Professor bends a knee up, the lines of his heavy thigh accentuated as his hips start to roll and his glutes flex, core tightening with each motion. Although his mouth opens, lips curling up into a sneer as his breath quickens, Hannibal makes no sound when his entire body tenses and he is sent to fall over the edge of his climax. Bulky shoulders curl up, his pecks swelling and legs lifting slightly as a shudder rolls through and the older man cums violently in milky white streams over his chest.

Will watches the Professor cover himself in his own orgasm— the boy cannot help the stutter of his own hips in answer, grinding down against the platform beneath him at the sight of Hannibal so completely undone. Never once, through all of this, does Hannibal take his gaze off Will, even as he melts back against the floor, slack from release and panting with his dark, honey gaze hooded. The Professor swallows thickly in an effort to compose himself, a faint smile playing on his lips now.

It's so good and *so* filthy and, just when Will feels as though he may catch aflame with the sheer weight of his want to be fucked in this very moment, it ends.

The boy continues to press the throbbing line of his erection against the platform he lies on in a gentle rut to seek out some sort of relief in friction— all the while, he never breaks eyes from the way in which Hannibal moves either. Will *wants* . He can do nothing, but simply want so vehemently that he can feel himself slowly burning away in the intensity of it.

The entire scene is downright pornographic already, so Will can't stifle the whine that lilts upward, louder than his last and just as caught-off-guard, as he watches Hannibal move to then scoop the wet mess of his orgasm from his own flesh, to carefully transfer it over to the paint pallet.

He almost can't believe what he sees; so entirely flushed and wanton that his head swims with nothing else, but his need to be spread open and fucked— the boy is completely taken by shock and lust as he watches Hannibal mix the bold pigments with the mess on the pallet, in order to create a sinfully milky complexion that matches Will's resting colors precisely. Another soft, desperate whine curls up from Will's throat as Hannibal moves back to his easel and starts to paint, his concentrated gaze darting back and forth over the canvas paper that is pinned against the wooden frame.

Hannibal is an artist sinking back into his element, and Will is left to simmer in the aftermath. He hadn't been expecting this. Never in a million years had he expected something like this, but it's a god-damned wet dream come to life.

The younger man is submerged, fighting for air as he drowns in his need to be touched— both he and Hannibal are very aware. Will knows that this is just another play in the game. His insides are positively squirming now in his quiet lust for the Professor, but Will also knows, without the older needing to voice it, he will be made to wait.

The boy has too much pride to allow himself to lose now.

An hour passes by and the space between them is filled with the sounds of the rushing rain and the gentle sweep of oils on canvas. It's *almost* meditative. It's *almost* peaceful, except for those moments where Hannibal reaches down to stroke a slow grip over his cock once again, once oversensitivity wanes. It's teasing and toying— dangling what Will cannot have just out of his reach as the younger man shudders and begs for it with a silent plea. Oh, Hannibal plays this boy like an instrument. A greedy, wanton, little instrument.

Midway through a flick of his wrists over the canvas, Hannibal pauses and looks over his shoulder to where his pallet rests, gaze narrowing in thought. Turning and, dabbing the brush back and forth, he mixes up some more colors— metal tubes are squeezed and rolled as thick streams of red and yellow pile in globs for his brush to work through in careful, experimental strokes. Hannibal's wrist is loose and his expression serene as his shoulders and neck roll, strands of brown hair falling down into his eyes.

The Professor is in his element. Entirely present and, yet, not at all.

Once finished with his mixing, the room stills and Will watches as Hannibal finally turns to lock his gaze on him, a predator sizing up its prey. The older man lights up another fresh cigarette and lets it hang from the corner of his mouth as her walks closer to the boy once again, carrying the pallet in one hand.

Despite the fact Hannibal's cock is still rock hard, he sets the paint pallet down next to Will— a fresh smear of flesh-coloured oil paint awaiting to be *thinned* in the exact same manner as the Professor had demonstrated earlier. This is most definitely a test. Will is being pushed and shoved to the edge of his limits to see just how long he might last, before surrendering and allowing the older man victory over him. Hannibal is testing his fear; the very same fear that sends the younger man to hide behind his glasses and the messy clothes.

The Professor steps around to stands over him and blows out a perfect o-ring of smoke with an arch of his brow— an expectant look that dances just on the edge of impatience. Will's eyes roll when he finally tears his gaze away and peers over his shoulder towards the awaiting pallet, head spinning and heart hammering away behind each rib as the weapon of a man looms over him.

He's terrified. Will wants to disappear and hide away from the other's gaze, while all-at-once being completely thrilled. He doesn't know what to do.

Will doesn't move for a pause, battling between his thundering nervousness and the undeniable desire that is bordering on desperate now. A small groan fills the air, a plea fallen from pink lips that begs the other to touch him— anything by his hand, but Hannibal is unmoved.

In the end, desperation ultimately wins out. Flushed and needy, Will rolls over so he's laid out on his back, one hand reaching down and grasping the thickness of his cock to *finally* stroke himself in smooth rolls of his wrist, while he passes kitten-pink tongue over the opposite hand's digits, slipping it behind himself and under the arch of his spine to dip lower and circle fingertips over the tight ring of muscle between the cleft of his ass. Maybe it's for show— maybe Will wants Hannibal to stop this game, so that he may put his hands on the boy and draw out the Will's orgasm for himself. The silent and careful game they are playing is doing nothing, but making the tension between them worse and Will knows that jerking off won't be enough to sate him now. Not after the show that the Professor had given him earlier.

Regardless, he lies back and touches over his body, the friction that his hands provide being enough to satisfy his lust, even just a little. Hannibal's only move as Will rolls over and slowly submits to stroking and fingering himself, all in the name of *art* , is to bring his cigarette to his lips and away again, his God-like features disappearing behind a veil of smoke.

If by *art* , of course, they mean *Hannibal.*

He wants the boy in a state that would drive him to do damn-near anything— all in the name of Hannibal, alone.

Hannibal has never seen anyone beg so loudly and so perfectly without words. His gaze has gone dark-as-blood in the night as he watched with a raging and hungry lust, eyes weighing

heavy on the boy's skin and studying every move at once as Will squirms. The Professor's gaze dips to maps the way the boy pleasures himself for future reference. Will notices, following each stroke of the older man's eyes, and does all he can to then encourages Hannibal to reach out and touch him— spine arching as a breathy moan crawls from the chasm of his throat, digging pearly teeth into his lower lip as he gazes back towards the older man with flushed focus.

A small flutter of victory calls out in the boy's chest when, watching this beautifully vulgar display tears a groan from deep in Hannibal's throat— a sound that borders on something animal; something feral. No, this strain does not go unnoticed by the younger man and, in answer, Will fills the air between them with another aching whine as his hand twists hard around his cock, hips rutting upwards while his other hand presses index and middle finger inside of himself to the second knuckle.

It's been so long— far too long since Will has been touched by another person and he's never felt so desperate in his entire life.

Eyebrows knit into a furrow and gaze locks on Hannibal as the older man looms above and watches back, studying every motion in return. And Will does everything in his power to give a show— *anything* that might encourage the Professor into substituting Will's hands for his own. Touching himself isn't enough. Not when the tension from their actions tonight, alone, puts their last encounter to shame. Sure, it's fuel for many lovely images later on, when Will is alone and allows his hands to wander over his own body, but with Hannibal so close right now, all the boy wants is to fall victim to the other's touch.

And so, this is *his move* in their back-and-forth game: Will staves off his already-edging orgasm to try and seduce the Professor's touch onto himself— to break him on some level, if only to prove that he can.

It nearly works. Hannibal draws dangerously close to breaking as his cock twitches and drips pre-cum over the arching and writhing body beneath. And, oh, each needy little whine, and glance of that kitten-pink tongue; all so sinfully innocent and, yet, utterly depraved. This boy is horrid and it's all the cannibal can do to hold himself back from delving into a fucking frenzy and literally tearing him apart.

Hannibal has never desired anyone so badly before in his life. Never like this.

In that moment, Hannibal claims Will as his own and swears to kill anyone who comes near. God forbid, should Will give his body up to anyone else… the term, *eaten alive* , comes to mind— quite literally. Hannibal's teeth are sharp enough to tear flesh from bone, a fact that he has proven to be true time and again.

Even while the cannibal stands over him, the perfect picture of bound violence, and while Will groans beneath him, desperate and aching— it is, in fact, the younger man that holds all of the power in this moment. *He,* who holds back from giving in entirely and giving the cannibal what he most wants… *for now*, anyway.

So many miles to go…

In this moment, Will knows— he knows without any doubt in his mind that Hannibal will not fuck him yet. No, he would want Will to reach a state of hunger so hot and burning that it swallows him whole for it. Hannibal will want the boy to beg for his cock in a way that he has never begged for anything else in his life before: broken, pleading, and prepared to tear himself asunder for it.

To *die* for it.

Catching the glint of disappointment in the Will's eyes, Hannibal slowly shakes his head with a small ' *tsk* ' on his tongue. By the time it comes time to ruin that pretty little ass of Will's, Hannibal will not want Will silent, or paid. He'll want him screaming and smashing through walls, crawling across broken glass, bleeding and lost to mindless, greedy ecstasy, just to impale himself on the cannibal's cock.

Maybe Hannibal will even let him survive the experience.

Hannibal is not blind to the fact that something more than simple lust is simmering here and he is determined to flame *that.* But this, too, is all part of their game; this new challenge that has presented itself before the both of them. They do not need words. And, as they had quickly found the previous day through secret stares in a full classroom— they do not need to fuck in order to feel the weight of this new connection and the way that their souls seem to reach out and connect in a way that is wholly orgasmic, in and of itself. Both have stolen the other's interest completely and, with everything that they begin to uncover through a series of glances, or through the conversation of body's motion, they both still only wish to know *more.*

Finishing his cigarette, Hannibal leans just enough to ash it out onto the curled corner of the erotic ink painting that had been left, laid out on the floor where he had initially placed it. The image of Hannibal fucking Will to death burns to nothing in a slow and subtle creep, as the heat of the discarded ashes take hold and consume the fantasy of blood and sex in orange lines that crumple inward, leaving behind nothing but its own dark ash on the concrete floor. Through this, Will is quick to crane his jaw to the side and watch, lips parted on a hiss of disbelief for the ache that he feels with the painting's absence, wanting nothing more than for it to reemerge from the ashes and make itself a reality.

A gruesome, dark, erotic reality.

Hannibal's lips curve up into a catlike grin as the boy visibly mourns the loss of the inked image below. Will is just as dark and needy as the Professor could have hoped, regardless of whether he knows it about himself yet, or not. Does he not realize that the painted image may as well have been a spell all its own? Inked, burned, and cast to the either— if only Will were to open his eyes and *truly* see; they are forged together in fire just as the delicate threads of their minds reach outward, clammy hands trembling as they seek purchase on fingers that match their own.

All in due time.

Painting forgotten, Hannibal licks his lips and steps further over Will to draw the boy's attention back, feet planted at either side of narrow hips as he looms overhead. The strategic

lighting, directed over the surface of the platform, remains dramatic— it splashes over them in heavy darks and lights, painting over the edge of each muscle and giving Will a good view of the breadth of strength and brute force that is about to descend on him. Hannibal slides both hands down the front of his own body, tracing all of the hard lines, before he starts to stroke his own cock with both hands in a steady rhythm, continuing to loom over the younger man.

With such an image above him, the boy redoubles his own efforts— not for show this time, but because the sight of Hannibal jerking himself off above him is fantasy-fuel. Tall and carved from marble; Will would do anything to watch as the Professor stroked his arousal to completion a second time, only to cum in wet ropes over the younger man's body below. Oh, how he would arch into it; would stretch himself fully bare to allow Hannibal all the room needed to paint his canvas as desired— to mark Will with his very essence.

Still stroking, Hannibal slowly lowers himself down over Will, before quite *suddenly,* he plants himself over those slim little hips – so easy to pin. This traps Will's fingers where they are buried deep inside himself and his other hand is pinned as well, right where it remains fisted around his cock; Will is immobilized in a moment of self-pleasure by the weight of Hannibal sitting astride him. Stronger and larger than the boy, the Professor allows toned thighs to flex, trapping Will where he's been held down and daring him to try and move. It draws the younger man's brows to arch and eyes to fly wider, realizing he is trapped and completely unsure of where, exactly, Hannibal is capable of taking things when the younger man is kept in such a vulnerable position. Hannibal can practically *see* Will's heart as it tries to make a nervous leap from the cage of his ribs, pulse fluttering softly at the side of his throat.

Studying the flash of panic wash over Will's expression, the cannibal thinks that he would quite enjoy a struggle— a fight, or some kind of chase that might allow him to see even more. However, instead of letting the boy up now, Hannibal's leans himself further over trembling flesh, his every movement slow and precise, like a predator that hones in on its kill. The older man rests his elbows against the platform's surface on either side of Will's head, a herculean prison of muscle that covers him, caging Will's entire body with his own— the boy's gaze darts off to one side in his nervousness. They're so close now, with skin pressed to skin, and the Professor's gaze boring into him feels as though it strips Will of more and more layers. Regardless, the little twitch of his cock under where Hannibal's ass is planted in his lap gives away Will's excitement at being *caught.*

Elegant hands ghost over Will's face and neck whilst cruel lips hover close enough to share breath, and even kiss, if the boy so much as dared to raise his head an inch. And my, how tempting those soft lips are alongside the image of that quick, kitten-pink tongue against wet mouth. It's enough to make Hannibal's cock twitch in answer against Will's midsection as the older man's lips and the corners of his eyes tug up into a wry smile, acknowledging just what this boy does to him. It is true, Hannibal is fit and has stamina, but not even *he* has been this hard for this long before; it's as if his body was made solely for Will's pleasure.

The Professor starts to rock himself against the other, his ass pushing down against the hand that Will keeps gripped around the girth of his own cock. With each rolling motion, Will's trapped hand is push-pulled with the rhythm, stroking at his arousal under Hannibal's

dictation and pressing himself further down again the fingers he keeps curved into his own ass. It is all Hannibal can do not to chuckle out loud as he notes the shock and crimson flush that sweeps heavily across Will's face.

If Will had thought everything up until now had been overwhelming, he nearly loses his ability to think straight at all in this moment. Staving off an orgasm is no longer a part of the plan— Will doesn't think he could hold out, even if he wanted to.

Hips roll and breathing picks up; the boy's hands are trapped under Hannibal's weight and with each fluid rut of the other's hips, his arms are shifted with it, forcing him to follow Hannibal's rhythm in jerking himself off and fucking himself down against his fingers. This is the closest they have been to one another now— *touching* in ways they haven't before.

Naked. Skin flushed and panting into one another's mouths.

And even still, they aren't fucking and Will has yet to actually kiss the man.

What starts as a slow rocking gets faster and faster. With it, Hannibal's breath hitches and picks up speed as well, all through heated moans and growls, the vibrations of which can be felt crawling up the man's broad chest. Will swallows thickly and moans into Hannibal's mouth just the same with gaze wide and hungry— though not nearly brave enough to dare kiss him fully, the boy still stays close enough to devour each panted exhale. Fingers that had been ghosting over soft flesh, now wind into dark curls and tug, forcing Will's neck to arch back in that broken sort of way that the artist loves so dearly— loves enough to kill for.

The room spins, everything gets hotter as he feels himself overheat, and Will wears the heavy kiss of a blush over all the planes of his flesh as spine arches with the force of his head being tugged back, raising his back from the platform and pressing his stomach up against Hannibal so that the throbbing stroke of the Professor's cock is driven harder against his bare skin. As it throbs and twitches against the taut flesh of his belly, pre-cum lubricating the friction, Will allows a smirk to curl at the corners of his maw and the cannibal can be seen biting back a desperate moan of his own in response.

But Hannibal will not relent until he gets what he wants… for *art.*

Will moves like hot silk beneath him— even though not inside him, Hannibal may as well be fucking deep into that velvet heat of his, considering how good this feels. With all his squirming and whimpering under the larger man's control, Will wets the cannibal's appetite like no other.

Hannibal's neck arches back with a groan that crawls up from deep in his throat, thick straps of muscle straining right down to his chest, and Will watches the erotic show above with eyes pricked wet with tears. He whimpers, wanting to be filled so badly that all he can feel is a yawning chasm opening inside the cradle of his ribs and all sense of himself is quickly wiped away as Hannibal's hips push back and forth. Harder and smoother in rhythm, Will hisses past parted mouth and the hand trapped below himself works nimble fingers deeper into his hole with the effort to sooth some of his desperate need to feel Hannibal fucking into him. A few more fluid motions against him as Will curls digits *just right* inside himself to brush over his prostate— and that's it.

A lilted, surprised gasp of a moan is cried out and each muscle in Will's body seizes with his sudden orgasm, eyes rolling back and mouth parted as he begins cumming violently, all at Hannibal's mercy. Blinding white light flashes bright behind eyelids as they clamp down and everything in him goes taut as the waves wash over the boy and his cock jumps in a steady throb with each motion that comes after.

Will has never felt himself come so undone before and he's crying out with it— mewling, even. Sounds that make the cannibal's teeth grind with the need to *bite.*

Hannibal licks his lips as he feels the jerking spasm and forceful roll of Will's narrow hips underneath him, all while the younger man cums in ropes of hot seed that spurt up between them. It coats Will's fist and abdomen enough so that now, Hannibal's cock is now sliding through the mess of the boy's cum; warm and slippery between them. He struggles not to lose control here and just take Will now— to simply roll him over and take what he wants.

But he must not spoil the muse. Not yet.

Even after Will has cum and the waves of pleasure recede to make way for the shore once again, Hannibal keeps moving and it begins to send small twinges of pain through the younger man's body as oversensitivity sets in. The Professor's hand finally releases dark hair, only to slip around the narrow span of Will's arched throat, choking him and holding him in place.

Will is *almost* too tired to panic, but muscles clench regardless and his skin crawls in answer as a different set of waves begin to move throughout him. His arms are still pinned and, with Hannibal grinding above, his hands are forced to stimulate flesh that protests in the wake of his orgasm. Will only tolerates it for so long, before instinct brings his legs to kick out, lungs desperate for air. Knees bending and unbending, the boy's heels slide against the platform as tiny huffs of air are exhaled past the Professor's grip. All the while, Hannibal's lips hover just above Wil's as he struggles for air, but all Hannibal allows him is the air that the older man exhales between them.

In protest, Will's legs go to kicking out, whines hitched in his clasped throat as the cannibal's dark gaze rakes him over, drinking in his fear and each tremble due to the oversensitivity post-orgasm. A struggle that occurs both outside and within him— Will's body screams ' *no* ,' but his mind still sees this for the deliciously erotic scene that it is.

Will's skin is trembling with aftershocks of desire and stunningly painful sensitivity, but Hannibal still doesn't let up. Driving his cock hard against the boy's abdomen again and again— the heat curls in spindles up Hannibal's spine and lights a pooling fire in his loins that threatens to break through him with unabated violence, tearing him in two. Everything is lost to hot white. In a sudden push of heat and spasm of wet pleasure, his hips jerk forward and he moans into Will's mouth, eyes closing and rolling back as he almost collapses, a hot and blissful wave washing through him. With wild pulses, the Professor blows a hot load of cum over Will's chest, streaking high enough to paint a line up and over the boy's jaw and just against the corner of parted lips.

Breathing allowed in small doses, he maintains a firm grip on the Will's jaw, and Hannibal pauses a moment while dragging in panting breaths of his own, to take in the image before

him.

Flushed and sated, yet entirely hungered even-still, Will remains laid bare below him. Hannibal’s eyes linger on the pearl of his seed that had landed against the curve of Will’s parted mouth and the boy knows he must look completely debauched— ruined and covered in the mess of their completion as he shudders his way through the hammering of his heart in his chest. Will almost goes to lick away the mess left behind on his lip, before Hannibal leans in and steals it away from him, smooth tongue lapping wet and dipping just-so into the cavern of his mouth.

The taste is divine; a heady mix of the other man's saliva and the saltiness of his cum. It possesses Will with a mighty need to push Hannibal back, if only to lean down and wrap plush lips around the girth of the man's spent cock, to lick it clean and maybe even allow for him to cum again, for what would be the third time that night— but this time, over Will's awaiting face with lips parted and tongue flat, at the ready to drink in more.

Instead, he simply watches as Hannibal finally releases the hold he had kept over his neck. Though air completely granted to him, Will still barely remembers to breathe again with gaze turned up to peer towards the other with a hooded, almost tired expression. Hannibal's body is strong and cut with sharp muscle from where he continues to loom above, skin shining with the wetness of their seed as he twists and turns to pick up his brush. With gentle and tender strokes, he cleans the cum off both their chests and mixes it into his pallet, just as he had done before.

And Will watches each careful motion closely, heart and breathing regulating with each stroke of the brush against his flesh as it picks up whatever it can of their mess.

Once Hannibal has gathered whatever he can with the brush, he bends and swipes the flat bed of his tongue over one of Will’s sensitive nipples, drawing a gasp from the boy. In a smooth motion, Hannibal lifts himself, enough to free Will’s arms, before he reaches to Will’s cum-stained hand and sucks it clean, his tongue curling around every digit— slow and precise. It’s an erotic sight and one that Will is sure to log into memory; something to recall later in afterimages. Finally, Hannibal also reaches for the other hand, where index and middle finger had stroked inside himself, and gives the digits there the same attention.

Hannibal watches the boy as he goes through each motion, releasing a low and feral sound. It’s something akin to a grow,l but not quite— a crawling snarl that fills the still air around them like a lion marking its kill. Will answers with a sound all his own; a hum that rides out long and soft in the chasm of his throat, behind pursed lips. Hannibal can see Will wants nothing more than to be fucked by the tongue that licks him clean. Oh yes, the boy offers up an open and wanton invitation to explore his most intimate of places.

More than anything, Will feels entirely *owned* by this man. *Claimed* .

Through it all, they still never speak— communicating solely through the language of body and eye-contact, Will watches Hannibal rise and go back to his easel with the smallest hint of a sated smirk falling over his features. The game isn’t over yet, no, but it’s put on pause now as a sleepy sense of quiet settles over them like a thick blanket.

The younger man is so unbelievably loose in his exhaustion now, falling limp where he lies out on the platform and further allowing the artist to paint him in this pliant state.

Time passes just like this, warm and comfortable, and Will nearly dozes off once or twice.

After a while, drained from concentrating for so long and aware that the boy must be exhausted, Hannibal finally packs away his brushes and bends to retrieve his jeans, pulling them back on and indicating that *this* session is over. Will follows suit, just the same as he's brought back to reality— slipping back into each article of clothing and hating how it feels like a barrier being placed back between them.

Although the events that had taken place tonight will have Hannibal awake for days, painting every aspect from memory, he wants to be sure to take care of his muse, no matter how violent their encounters may be. Hannibal lights another cigarette and grows interested to see whether Will may take the payment or not. Was this *just* work to him, or the possibility for something *more?* Hannibal fully intends to pay him either way, but the boy's choice will dictate how, where, and *if* whatever this thing between them goes forward. Or, whether it will just be business between the both of them: very simply, artist and muse.

Hannibal doesn't pay for sex or love.

On the small table beside the platform, there lies the horribly tempting wad of cash. Tucked beside that, is another slip of paper with the same date and time for next week scrawled onto the surface: the night after their next class together, Hannibal's apartment, at 10 in the evening. All the same, however, just below that, Hannibal had also written his personal mobile number.

If Will makes the right choice, Hannibal has another offer altogether.

The muse and artist have melded into one. Now it is just a case of what will hatch between.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> We're sorry this chapter took us so long to post! These are all incredibly long and a lot of work goes into editing them to the final result, but our future updates won't take nearly as long because we've reworked the editing process a bit. Thanks for your patience - we hope you enjoy!

It was time for Will to leave.

Really, he *should* get back home so he can get some semblance of sleep for the night. He watches with a soft glimmer of disappointment as the Professor pulls his jeans back onto his body to sit over the V of his hips. Promptly, Will moves to sit up and do the same - tugging clothes back onto himself while allowing his gaze to catch Hannibal's movements, only from the corner of his eyes as the older man lights up a cigarette.

Upon slipping into his jacket and shoes, the boy's gaze falls back to the small table waiting next to the platform. From some of the fruit cradled in a large glass bowl, Will plucks a single grape and presses it past his lips, gaze downcast to eye the wad of money warily. He skips over it, and instead, only reaches to take the slip of paper.

As he reads the slip of paper, Will is quick to note that it’s yet another date and time scrawled onto its surface: *the same time next week* . Next to it, written in neat and carefully penned words, is a phone number.

‘That, alone, is payment enough ,’ Will thinks to himself as a flutter chases after his heart behind his ribs.

Besides, it feels wrong to take the money. This isn't a classroom environment - a place where Will is employed to work and to allow students to feast upon his image, only so that they may better understand the art of the human body. This, here with Hannibal, certainly isn't *work* and Will hadn't shown up to Hannibal's home with the intention of *working* . It had felt much more like pleasure and much less like business in this setting— Will cannot accept payment after what had transpired between them, art or not. He isn't a *whore.*

Silently, he turns away from the table and leaves the wad of cash where it rests, stowing away the written slip of paper into his pocket and lifting his gaze back towards Hannibal's as they both move towards the door.

"My glasses. You still have them," Will points out, voice hoarse from not having spoken in quite some time as he studies the other man with a slight arch of his brow.

Hannibal blows out a long trail of smoke, pleased that the boy had left the money, but expression still remains cool and unreadable. Ashing out his cigarette, he scoops up Will's glasses up and crosses the room in several lazy strides, scooping up the wad of cash as well, along the way.

When Hannibal reaches Will, he slowly crowds the boy up against the wall, just as he had upon first entering. Locking his dark gaze on sea-blue, the Professor slides his hand deep inside Will's pocket, digging around with long fingers until he finds the slip of paper, dragging it out between two digits. Taking the pen from behind his ear, he simply wrote,

Múza, Cavaliere Servente

And that's it— that's all the more he adds. As Hannibal slips the paper back into the boy's pocket, the Professor leaves his hand in there, long fingers stroking through the material against his thigh.

Will watches all of Hannibal's motions. Eyes lift and lock with those that are darker, his spine arching to press hips closer to the softness of the man's touch, no matter how small.

Will doesn't see what's added to the note, before it's tucked back into his pocket, but he will be sure to look as soon as he's home— exactly as Hannibal intended, surely, since he's distracted Will so entirely now with stroking fingers against his thigh.

Hannibal blinks slowly as his expression grows darker still, his other hand coming up to cup the line of Will's jaw, holding him *just so* . A small, audible exhale is given in answer to their closeness as Will leans into the touch that's pressed to the side of his face, fingers cradling his jaw and angling it just right in order to bring their mouths together Hannibal kisses soft and slow at first. A first kiss shared between them is smooth and wet while Will welcomes the other's tongue into his mouth, the pad of Hannibal's thumb guiding Will's chin to part teeth and grant the older man entrance.

Holding the pad of his thumb against the boy's chin, Hannibal forces his jaw open further so that the Professor's tongue can delve in and lick along the cavern of Will's sweet mouth. They do not even break to allow either of them to breathe as the kisses become deeper, more passionate, and verging on frantic.

Will is taken by the Professor's taste— craves to taste even more of him, but gladly taking whatever is offered. Electricity sparks sharp and strong between them, flowing back and forth on the fluid motions of their tongues and the way jaws part further to deepen the kiss even more.

Frantic and needy, things heat up to a more passionate level quickly when Hannibal suddenly pushes Will to his knees and the man quickly follows suit to continue there. The floor groans out as both their knees hit the surface, but pain doesn't register when lust is at a level this high. Teeth clash together in subtle ' *clinks* ' and tongues battle it out - the boy allows for the older man to suck on the curve of tongue, lips, and the line of his jaw as a breathy moan hums in his throat.

It's passionate and it heats the air surrounding, all before it ends just as quickly as it had started and they part on panted breath. Hannibal releases his grip on Will completely as a growl rolls off his tongue.

A sigh is exhaled and, with foreheads pressed close, Will allows for his gaze to drop and study the still-tempting image of Hannibal's mouth, all before money is pushed into the boy's pocket and he lifts his gaze back up to meet the other's once again. A part of Will still wants to protest— wants to insist that the Professor keep it. Will doesn't need to be paid for something he'd thoroughly enjoyed, but he has been able to read into this man enough to know that he wouldn't accept 'no' for an answer *twice* - not in this case.

No, Hannibal had seen Will deny the payment in the first place and still insisted. That, alone, is worth something. Perhaps it was the fact that he could see just how badly Will needed the money and that he had, indeed, given up time to be here when he could be working elsewhere. Or perhaps - quietly simply - the older man cared.

Will pushes the thought away, knowing he is hoping for too much.

A frown dips between his brows, Will doesn't want to be paid for the intimacy that has been surfaced between them. No, this is not work and Will doesn't think he can mark off their connection as mere curiosity. Will just knows that there's something hidden behind the cage of Hannibal's skull— something more. Empathy presses the need to know more into the boy and has him feeding heavily off Hannibal's emotions.

A sudden and irreconcilable sense of dread pours through him. Will doesn't entirely understand yet *what* , or *how* this feeling manifests. Perhaps he will, in due time.

Leaning back, it is only then that Hannibal slowly slides the glasses back onto the bridge of the boy's nose. How the Professor hates those things - a horrid veil between the two of them - but he knows that Will needs them to protect himself from the world outside. Despite the brazen and wanton displays Will has put on display for the older man, Hannibal is aware that Will is highly sensitive,even beyond what might be considered normal. Hannibal has yet to understand him completely as well, but Will's sensitivity is what makes him the perfect muse — the ability to pick up on both exactly what Hannibal *needs* , and exactly *why* Hannibal does what he does.

However, it also makes the boy especially dangerous, given Hannibal's *other* artistic endeavors.

Keep your friends close, but keep your enemies closer.

He brushes his hands over the soft slopes of Will's cheeks, memorizing the feel of the flushed skin. He is so incredibly soft, despite being so sculpted and lean.

Once Will's glasses are finally returned to him - placed onto his face with the brush of careful fingertips - and Hannibal cups either side of his face, Will then reaches out to spread fingers over the wide expanse of the Professor's clothed chest in order to feel the rise and fall of it beneath his palms.

They remain in close proximity, practically staring holes into their skin, as they memorize one another in this way.

Hannibal's eyes fall to where the boy rests hands over his chest and can feel it, deep within himself, that he is rapidly growing dangerously addicted to Will. Perhaps even attached. In turn, it makes him horribly vulnerable to the boy. However unnerving and dangerous this might be for the older man, he also knows that there is something in the way Will had gazed upon the ink drawing - the one of Hannibal fucking the boy to death - that had hinted at something *more* to Will. Something dark and delicious that makes Hannibal lick his lips and start to grow hard again.

God, how he hungers for every part of this boy .

This is going to get dangerous.

Hannibal pushes up to standing and offers Will a hand to help him do the same. "I can drive you home, if you'd like? It's late."

Peering up towards Hannibal over the rims of his glasses, Will takes the offered hand and draws himself to his feet smoothly, fingers brushing and lingering into the touch for just a breath longer than necessary, before their hands finally part. He had yet to call for a taxi and, yes, it's terribly late now. The moon hangs high overhead as it counts down towards morning.

It *would* be faster if Hannibal were to give him a ride. Maybe Will's eagerness to say yes is fueled by his selfish need to spend just a little longer in the other man's presence.

"That'd be really great, actually— I took a taxi here. I'd have to call for another one, otherwise. Thank you," Will answers, a smile brimming at the corners of his mouth as he nods, accepting the offer.

Brushing hands down the front of his shirt, he lets his eyes fall away once again - an attempt to steady himself and steady the urge to press his mouth into Hannibal's once again. This way, accepting the ride, the Professor would be Will to his home and would then know exactly where to find the boy.

If the older man should happen to *want* to find Will, of course.

Hannibal nods and leaves Will for just a second, only to return wearing a heavy leather jacket and carrying two motorcycle helmets, before handing one of them over to Will.

The boy takes the one that's offered to him and eyes the other man curiously, gaze tracing over the leather jacket that Hannibal sports and the way that it hugs the slope of his back, all the way down to his toned arms. Will is quite convinced that this man could make damn near anything look good.

He watches while Hannibal shuts off all of the lights - save for in the hallway - and they are suddenly submerged in almost-darkness. Will's eyes work hard in the effort to adjust to the dim lighting.

Even without the ink drawing that had been previously set in front of him, what would have been hours prior, the boy can still sense that there is a certain darkness about the Professor, following him in thick clouds. It's a darkness that is tucked away to keep itself hidden, only to make an appearance when fitting. Hannibal is an artist, after all— and don't all artists come with a little bit of darkness to mix in with the light?

Will can sense it, his empathy in a constant state of reaching out in order to try and sift through the older man's thoughts, but it only ever returns empty-handed - with nothing but the knowledge that *something* was there. Something more.

Hannibal feels the echo of a shiver wash over him and wonders for a moment if he might have revealed too much of himself already to this boy - this stranger, whom he can quickly feel pushing into his heart and tugging on the strings there. It's a risk, to allow it to happen at all. However, he simply cannot help himself, unable to deny his need to feed his own emotions - to hunt out that *something more* that Hannibal keeps so perfectly well-hidden behind his human veil.

Keeping the veil up, Hannibal turns back with the utmost grace and poise, before he offers Will a warm and charming smile. Stepping forward, he then opens the door and quickly slams it shut with a loud and very sudden bang that makes even the walls and floor jump with the violence of it. Hannibal stands as an immovable force, palm pressed firmly against the wood as he breathes hard for a moment, licking his lips and contemplating everything at once, while also seemingly contemplating nothing at all.

Is the boy scared of him? He should be. Hannibal lets Will *feel* that much in this moment. A one off warning.

And yes, it's only now that Will feels a flutter of actual fear, when the door is slammed shut just after it's offered, as if in the form of a warning that sits with razor teeth bared. The sound of it echoing off the walls brings the boy to startle, brows furrowed and nervousness crawling back under the surface of his flesh. He's about to speak up - he licks his tongue over his own lips and parts them to make some comment about Hannibal being an ' *asshole* ' for startling him, when Hannibal's rough hand collides with the plate of Will's chest, pinning him back against the wall. Crushing their mouths together, the entire line of their bodies shift to follow suit, pressing in close.

Will doesn't completely register at first - everything moves so quickly, but the heat of the kiss that splits his mouth with Hannibal's wicked tongue has him quickly responding with an equal fervor. The need to feel the Professor even nearer than before still hangs overhead, ever-present.

As Hannibal rolls the bulk of his body against Will's smaller frame, he nips teeth at the boy's lower lip, chasing the soft curve of it that teases him like some horrid beacon of lust. Hannibal drags his teeth with tender ease over the smooth flesh with a delicious slowness, only *just* skimming, before he moves back in. He licks Will's mouth apart with a powerful thrust of his tongue that tangles with the boy's – almost in a battle for dominance.

He doesn't care that it's sloppy and vicious, he just wants to taste more of the younger man. Hannibal moans as he imagines wrapping his tongue around the boy's cock to chase the taste

of cum and swallow down the whimpers of his name alike.

He nips at Will's tongue then as well, before sucking on it, but nothing hard enough to draw blood— not this time at least. All he can think about is the boy's pretty cock in place of his tongue, flushed and pulsing in Hannibal's mouth. At this point all moans turn to growls and the older man starts to rut hard against the Will's hip. There is nothing soft about the brutal motions of his own hips.

And as masterful lips work over Will's, Hannibal doesn't hide feral groans that crawl up from the cradle of his throat, scratching and echoing through his chest as they stumble their way past pearly teeth with furious vibrations. Every part of Hannibal is clawing for every part of Will.

It is decided— one way or another, he simply *must* consume the boy. He tastes like sin and salvation rolled into one.

Will takes everything eagerly and with open arms, hands reaching for the older man as their mouths dance in the middle. He wants it so bad— wants to feel the other's hands stripping him down and prying him open, if only to fill the boy with the thick, heavy girth of him in one powerful thrust. Teeth nip at his lower lip and Will's hand that doesn't clutch the helmet comes up to dig fingers into the Professor's hair. All the while, the boy lifts his hips to rut their clothed erections together in quick, needy presses.

In this moment, Will imagines what kind of *fuck* Hannibal might be like; thorough and feral in each of his actions, surely.

Brutal. Unforgiving. Violent.

Will knows that the Professor must fuck like he creates art.

As Hannibal's lips slide to Will's cheek and down to the line of his jaw, larger hand shifting up from Will's chest to grab a fistful of dark curls and yank the boy's head to the side - baring his neck and the pulse that jumps in answer. My, how does it race beneath beautiful and pale skin.

Hannibal licks over and grazed teeth over the bone of the boy's wonderfully sharp jaw, before dipping down to suck over his jugular, lips latching on and sucking with hollowed cheeks to ensure that a deep bruise is left behind. Red mark dotted over the side of Will's throat, Hannibal's teeth make their appearance against the boy's flesh once again - they're sharp against the mark that has been drawn to the surface. In the end it is too tempting, and he bites down— still not enough to draw blood.

Even still, they have gotten terribly close to spilling more than just cum tonight. Perhaps the embers of the ink have cast a spell over them.

Either way, he refuses to let Will leave without a mark left behind. Something to claim him.

And the boy does anything but protest, spine arched away from the wall behind him and hips canting forward in the desperate attempt to seek out friction. Small, needy sounds fall from

the soft part of Will’s mouth as he keeps fingers wound into Hannibal’s hair.

A mark, alone, had been Hannibal's reasoning behind igniting the flame once again— pressing their bodies painfully close and kissing Will in a way that makes his head spin.

Will wants to be fucked. He doesn't want the older man to stop at a simple mark, when he could easily hoist him up against the wall and fuck him. Hannibal could just as well mark him, instead, with the seed that would be spilled inside of him. Greedy, yes, but Hannibal is coaxing it from him.

Bringing both their lips back together, Hannibal kisses him softly – both open-mouthed and then closed, his rutting slowing to long rolls of his body against the younger man. Hannibal finishes with a chaste peck and a hum that purrs low in his throat as he draws away, his eyes closing as he basks in the simple warmth of the moment.

A soft whine lilts up and exhales softly past parted and reddened lips when their mouths separate, Will’s eyes closed and hand grasping onto the Professor's shoulder, only to release him when Hannibal takes a step back. It finally allows for air to fill the space between them, but the presence of the other is still lingering and warm, each touch and press of one another's mouths tingle in the aftermath.

The boy cannot help, but find himself aching in the absence of their closeness. *This is bad* . He'd have to make sure he wasn't getting ahead of himself.

Even beside the furious, aggressive making out, it is the soft peck that leaves a tiny thrill of something behind the cage of Will's chest. In answer, his heart hammers about and ignites with a longing.

Will can’t remember the last time he’s felt such a vehement *want* for anything else in his entire life. He wants more of Hannibal in any and all ways possible.

In a sudden motion, the older man reaches to open the front door and ushers Will to stumble through, locking it behind them. In the wake of the sound of the deadbolt clicking into place, Hannibal feels a weight in his chest in knowing that his apartment is empty now. There will be no writhing, wanton mess on his floor when he returns.

Just two days with Will has left Hannibal with a preemptive ache in his chest and Will understands the feeling well too. The boy feels the very same, deep and hollow pain when he thinks about returning to the quiet loneliness of his own apartment— to wait until their next class together.

Turning towards Will, Hannibal wraps an arm around the smaller man’s narrow waist, thumb brushing up under his shirt, tracing the deep V there as they walk down, side-by-side, to Hannibal’s bike that’s parked outside – a classic Hog.

Hannibal grins, an inside joke between them now as he slides off Will’s glasses again and tucks them into the boy’s pocket. Leaning in, the Professor *bites* gently over Will’s lips and then helps him slip his helmet on, adjusting the strap, before Hannibal tugs his own on as well.

Will keeps a poker-face and permits glasses to be removed once again, leaning in as if to chase the man's mouth for another kiss when teeth nip over lover lip. Too eager; so completely on fire for Hannibal due to such teasing. Will does not try to press for more now, but rather turns and takes in the sight of the man's motorcycle. He's never ridden one before now, if he were to be honest, but he wouldn't dare tell Hannibal.

Helmet helped on and adjusted, the boy slips in to sit behind the Professor on the bike, wrapping arms around Hannibal's middle, only to have hands guided underneath the hem of the man's shirt. Fingertips trace over the line of hair that trails down from navel to the top of pants, feeling the way that Hannibal's larger fingers pop open the button and pull down the zipper— an offering for Will to continue.

And continue, he does.

Will to slips his own hand downwards and massages over Hannibal's cock as they prepare to ride. The pleasure of the vibrating bike passes through Will's nimble fingers to glance along the line of Hannibal's cock as the engine is started to life.

When Hannibal kicks the bike over and releases the clutch seamlessly, it's all done without asking the boy for an address. He already knows where Will lives. And the thought doesn't even cross the boy's mind, far too distracted with the throb of Hannibal's cock under his palm. The bike purrs to a roar between their thighs - an extension of Hannibal's already long and powerful limbs.

The boy is a drug— Hannibal is sure of it. He has had muses before, but none like this. Though, perhaps, they weren't muses at all? Not if they didn't make him feel and want like this.

Those that Hannibal had before did not fill the man with the same energy that Will does.

They race at through the city streets, ignoring the speed limits and Hannibal takes the corners like a dime. The bike leans heavy and low with the turns when Hannibal leans with it, twisting his thighs out and squeezing them back in again. His broad shoulders are flexed and perfectly straight each time that he angles with the bike, the leather jacket amplifying his muscular frame and tapered waist.

And through it, Will keeps clutched to him - arms wrapped around to keep one hand over the older man's stomach, while the other stays dipped lower, cupping his arousal through the fabric of Hannibal's pants.

Together, they cut a trail the dark, pressed close as one, and *still* indulging in everything erotic and lewd. Together they are art. Together, they are forever in this moment.

Nothing can touch them, neither of the two having ever really known life before this moment – and they have barely even begun now.

They're off faster than Will can really continue to worry about the new experience of the ride at all, wind combing cool fingers over them. A mild chill is in the air, left in the wake of the rain from earlier, but Will only feels his face heat up as a blush settles over his features. Hot

breath is exhaled on a huff of arousal as he leans forward to rest his head against Hannibal's back, fingers finally dipping into the front of the older man's pants to wrap themselves over the thickness of his cock.

Will, himself, is getting harder by the second and it's obvious from where he sits, pressed up behind the other man. The thrill of the open night rushing past them only makes his erection strain further— not that anyone would really be able to see what they were doing, with how fast the bike moved. And there was little to no one outside at this hour, regardless.

The boy strokes over the throbbing appendage, swiping the pad of his thumb over the wet slit at the top of the swollen head as he squeezes his grip tight, wanting nothing more than to feel every inch of said cock splitting him open.

Closer and closer to home, the boy savors every second that he's permitted to explore whatever Hannibal has to offer, knowing that soon they would have to part and would be counting down the hours to when they could meet again.

Hannibal's groans are muffled by the roar of the motorcycle and the shell of his helmet. The boy knows very well what he is doing. Those fingers work magic around the Professor's cock. Through the ministrations, the bike never wavers. But, *fuck* , if Hannibal doesn't have to brace himself to prevent from cumming in his pants— especially as he feels the line of Will's cock rubbing hard up against his back as well.

Will is completely absorbed in the feeling - the other man's back pressed against his front, Hannibal's cock throbbing in the boy's grasp with every stroke. Every heated huff of air that Will exhales fans over his own face through the helmet he wears and paints his blush a deeper shade of pink as fingers play over Hannibal's erection.

The older man is smooth in his grasp - sizable and thick. Will wants nothing more than to feel the weight of the very same flesh in his mouth.

The Professor is able to operate the bike just the same - save for perhaps taking a corner a little sharper than the previous turns - and Will simply continues to clutch onto him. The hand that the boy keeps over Hannibal's stomach, digs fingers into the older man's shirt, just at his abdomen, to ensure that Will doesn't fall from his seat, while the other hand remains buried in Hannibal's pants to continue pleasuring him.

Hannibal is becoming more and more aware as time passes between them, that they inspire more than just art in each other. They are one other's perfect drug – the perfect cocktail to provide a hardcore aphrodisiac - strong enough to see to them fucking one another to death. Perhaps quite literally if some self-control isn't exerted. But as Hannibal purposefully takes the long way to Will's apartment and rides one of the tighter corners hard, he realizes his self-control is waning. *And it's waning fast* .

He wants to own and destroy this boy *now* and he doesn't want to wait. He wants to take everything and simply rip Will apart - to suck every rib clean and cover every plane of smooth muscle with cum and blood. Hannibal wants to crawl right inside the younger man and have him crawl right inside Hannibal in return.

He wants them so enmeshed and ruined, that neither knows where one begins and the other ends.

But he is well-aware that the muse needs *time* to build in desire, need, and frenzy. Art is about time and space - less oftentimes being more. Just as Hannibal sees potential in Will, there is also potential in what they share between them. As strong as their desire might be, the threads that are slowly weaving them together are still fragile and new. Before destroying the boy, Hannibal must first build him up— get him wanting, demanding, *seeing* .

Too much, too soon would shatter everything.

There is a great darkness in Hannibal. It rarely skims *this close* to the surface without being mid-kill first, but it has recognized something of itself in Will and is now itching to draw Will's darkness out, if only to meet and entangle with the likes of its own. If such a delicate process is rushed, then the threads between them will be severed by the razor-sharp claws and teeth that the darkness hides.

Regardless of how eager Hannibal and Will both are to feel the weight of one another's bodies and minds alike connecting themselves together - they must be patient.

All these thoughts race through Hannibal's mind as they speed through the slick and ghostly-empty streets, Will's hand still stroking soft and lazy over the hard curve of the man's cock to continue to fan that spark of heat between them.

Dawn draws near when they eventually pull to a stop outside the boy's building. There is a slight downturn in Hannibal's expression from behind the helmet he wears, eyes taking in the area in smooth passes of his gaze from behind the visor.

He hates the idea of *his* mùza - his lover - living in a slum.

Hannibal kills the bike, but doesn't move right away. Rather, he rolls his hips back against Will's cock that presses flush against his ass, before he then fucks up into Will's hand, seeking perfect friction both ways.

The Professor closes his eyes and imagines what it might be like to have that pretty cock buried deep in his ass as those skilled little fingers work over his cock like this. Just as the boy is a master of seduction, he is sure he is a master of pleasure of all kinds as well.

The boy can just barely hear a groan past the sounds of the outside world as it falls from Hannibal's lips and fogs the man's visor. It only encourages Will to stroke faster, wrist angled and his own hips pressing forward against the man seated in front of him, seeking out friction and imagining his throbbing arousal slotted between the cleft of the Professor's ass.

Even against the chill of the night, Will is flushed and heated, gaze shifting around them every so often to be sure that they'd have no audience.

Another groan sounds from the older man, before he reaches down and gently presses on Will's hand to guide it away and stop him, doing up his pants then without another word. With that, Hannibal takes off his helmet and nods for Will to slide off the bike. Kicking out

the stand and leaning the bike, the Professor slips off to stand and watches as Will pulls off his helmet, before trying to offer it over.

“Keep it - you’ll need it. Just make sure to have it with you at all times. Just in case.” Hannibal’s voice cuts through their continuous silence and it’s rough and low over the sound of the wind. He wants Will to know that, at any given moment, Hannibal could offer the boy a ride back onto his bike.

Or, that at any given moment, Hannibal could offer Will another night of *art* made between the two of them.

A hard blink is given and lips are pursed into a tight line. Will works to find his words when he's instructed to keep the helmet, but the flutter of excitement that he feels with this brings him to remain quiet, only nodding as the tiny hint of a smile tugs at the corner of his mouth.

Keeping it indeed means that this would happen again: rides to Hannibal's home and rides to Will's home, coming *from* Hannibal's. This meant that the Professor wanted this to become a regular thing.

Will wants it as well. He desires Hannibal more than anything now. The boy wants so badly to know more about the older man, that he fears he might catch fire in the wake of his wanting.

And, if igniting into flames had been a fear before, it becomes far more real when the Professor's mouth covers Will's in a sudden and very heated, wet kiss. A large hand comes to palm over the hard ridge of the boy's cock through the fabric of his jeans, erection jumping at the returned friction, and Will exhales a lilted moan into Hannibal's mouth in answer to it. The free hand that isn't clutching onto Will’s helmet at his side reaches out to pull the other man in closer, slipping around and grabbing onto the older man’s ass in an attempt to bring their hips together.

Mind racing a million miles a minute in an attempt to come up with some excuse as to why Hannibal should come up to his apartment with him, Will comes up with nothing solid except for a hushed, desperate voice in between their kissing. It’s begging - *pleading* when words are huffed out.

"Will you come upstairs and fuck me? Please..."

Subtlety-be-damned. Brows knitting into a frustrated furrow and hips rutting forward, Will wants to be completely ruined by this man, knowing deep in his gut, that he will be denied. This is a game of patience and building this heat into something all-consuming, before they would finally allow themselves to tangle together.

Hannibal runs the tips of his fingers down Will’s cheek and jaw in one tender sweep.

“Hm. So very, very pretty when you beg. Whatever you do, don’t stop begging.” Hannibal bites into the soft curve of Will’s bottom lip for being so deliciously needy. He wants the boy like this all the time; on fire with so much need that he would toss any sense of himself, aside just to fuck and be fucked by the monster in front of him.

"Please. I need it," Will begs, just as he's been told to. He is deliriously heated, flushed, and breathing heavily into the space between them as teeth nip into their kisses. He feels entirely consumed by his need now, struggling to press even closer as his free hand digs fingers roughly into the bow of Hannibal's shoulder.

There has been so much tension between them - building and building into something that he cannot control - and it completely overwhelms Will now. He doesn't *want* to wait.

“No. I won’t fuck you— not tonight.”

Hannibal’s hand slips from Will’s jaw, down to his chest, where he snatches a fistful of the boy’s shirt and grabs him, walking Will backwards towards his front door. The older man leans in to whisper against the other’s ear, their knees bumping together as Will stumbles back in-step with Hannibal.

“But I will tell you what I am going to do, and what *you* will do. I am going to see you safely to your door. I am going to kiss you as you beg— and then, I am going to leave you *hard* and *needing* . I am going to go home and jerk myself off, thinking about ruining your pretty little ass and blowing all over your face. And you are going to jerk off, just the same.” With that, Hannibal looks over Will’s shoulder to indicate that he will be jerking off, alone, to thoughts of Hannibal in his own apartment tonight.

Finally, Hannibal slams Will up against his front door, still gripping the boy’s shirt with knuckles strained white.

“Because you thought about it just now… didn’t you? You thought about fucking me - pushing your cock deep inside my ass as we rode on my bike.” His accent is thick and warm as the Professor’s words roll off his tongue with a devilish purr.

Will wants so badly to fuck and to be fucked. His need is written oh-so-clearly in his expression and the way that his hips tilt forward, seeking friction and offering himself to the older man. He thinks, for a moment, that he might have won - that *maybe* Hannibal would follow him up to his room to thoroughly pound him, until this heat subsides. But he is denied — simply pinned back against the door as the older man leans in so as to hiss filthy words into Will’s ear.

"Yes. Fuck, yes. I thought about it.... about fucking you."

It's groaned out as the boy writhes under Hannibal's touch, pressed close as the older man drags the wet bed of his tongue over soft flesh. Will would give anything to feel that tongue petting over every inch of skin that he had to offer - wants to taste this man entirely and then splay himself out to be tasted just the same.

" *Please,* " the boy insists one last time, even while knowing that he's lost - that he would have to be patient and wait until the next week. Then, he would have to pose himself before the Professor's hungry gaze and the gaze of all of his students, content with simply eye-fucking the man from different sides of the room, until they were to finally allow this tension freedom from its shackles.

Will gives an aching whine in protest. The sound is desperate and almost-pained, knowing that he will have to retreat back to his room alone for the night, burning in his want for this man and *knowing* that Hannibal would be back at his apartment, doing just the same.

Will would be consumed— submerged in thoughts of their bodies twisting and writhing together in unison. He would furiously try to sooth his need by jerking himself off to thoughts of the Professor in his head, but he knows that it won't be enough.

It will never be enough, now that he's had a taste.

Hannibal hums in answer, kissing a line up to Will's ear. He listens to the boy beg and whine, but the cannibal ignores him completely. Instead, the older man adds fuel to the fires by uttering out more filth.

"All week, I am going to paint my cum - stained only with thoughts of you - into painting after painting of all the horrid things I want to do to you." He drags an open-mouthed kiss down Will's neck and back up again, so as to brush their lips together. The boy moans wantonly into their kiss.

Little does Will know that these images painted won't always be acts that he would survive. Hannibal can feel the way the boy's ribs rub up and down against the Professor's own brawny chest with desperate and rapid attempts to draw in air. He doesn't just want to feel Will's heart as it pulses under his skin— Hannibal wants to *see* and *taste* it as well.

He wants to curl his tongue through the slots of delicate rib cage and taste the swollen red muscle as it thunders towards death.

As Hannibal's mouth hovers over Will's, his touch roams all over the boy's body, as if memorizing it all over again. A large hand pushes up and under Will's shirt, before slipping down into his pants to cup his ass and then, around to scratch down the front of the younger man's thighs. Hannibal's words chase his hungry actions when he continues.

"Then, in next week's class, not a word will be said. Rather, you will pose in all of the positions you want me to fuck you in. If I like what I see, then maybe - *just maybe* , this time next week, you won't be going home to your own bed. Just maybe you will be too ruined and fuck-out to walk anywhere at all. Perhaps will just have to sleep wherever I chose to lay you — that is, if I let you sleep at all."

Hannibal speaks his commands into Will's mouth, before sealing them with another heated kiss. It's searing, lingering, and it completely possesses the boy. It's just this one last kiss that is pressed to his mouth and Will welcomes it eagerly, brows knit in his frustration as another moan rising quietly from his throat.

However, it only lasts a moment, before the Professor uses the door that Will leans back against to push off, turning away and walking down to his bike without looking back. The distance between them grows and grows as the man gets onto his motorcycle and leaves starts the engine - leaving then, without another word.

Will feels cold, but he is on fire in ways that he's never been before

...

Even though Hannibal might have appeared to be the epitome of resolve as he had walked away from Will, when the older man finally does get home, he didn't launch into a frenzy of jerking himself off and painting— that is something that came later.

First, he had needed to wrangle the uncomfortable ache that had sat with him on the entire ride home, only growing and growing as he had stepped inside his apartment. Being home only makes it worse, his apartment painted with the scent of Will's cum and sweat. A mere memory of both erotic and emotional perfection - been and gone.

Hannibal walks over to where the sheets lay on the modeling platform, picked them up and bringing them to his features in a desperate attempt to find more of the boy's scent there. A fire had been ignited under the monster's skin that might not simply settle for a high-tension fuck and a little death to follow it.

No, this feels much *bigger* than that. Bigger than any questions of mortality and violence.

Love is far more dangerous than those petty things, and Hannibal had managed avoid it his whole life. He'd always been able to sidestep the freight train, before it had the chance to run him down.

But Will had hit him before Hannibal had even seen the boy coming.

With the sheet clutched in one hand and pressed to his face, Hannibal had taken to finally unzipping his pants and urging away the swell of heat that threatened to swallow him whole. He can do nothing for the ache in his chest, but he can at least try to stave off the all-consuming arousal.

...

Back at his apartment, Will swallows thickly as keys are fished out from his pocket to unlock the door - letting himself inside and safely into his home, where he would wallow in the absence of Hannibal for the rest of the night. But not just tonight— Will knows that he will do just the same all of the other nights, leading up to when they would be within one another's orbit once again.

All of this is so new to him. It's new and exciting and terrifying, and *god* if he isn't eager to feel more of it.

Will likes his solitude and he isn't the type to feel lonely much, really. However, since meeting Hannibal, his home has never felt more empty than it does now. It has never felt so

bland.

He mopes around quietly for a little while, absently going about his night in an attempt to find comfort in the normalcy of it all. There is no comfort here, only the growing heat and the frustration that comes along with having the source of it no where within proximity.

Eventually, he settles for lying back on his bed, shirt yanked off and jeans unzipped to stroke at his cock impatiently. Will does just as the Professor had ordered him to do - thoughts of Hannibal surrounding him and filling him as he jerks himself off to climax. Will is left gasping with the weight of his orgasm and trembling in its wake, but still, he ends up feeling completely unsatisfied.

It will never be enough.

He's only had a taste and now, Will *aches* for Hannibal in ways that he can't even *begin* to try and sate on his own.

It's both frustration and restlessness that brings Will to wander about his apartment one more time. He brushes his teeth and turns off the various lights in other rooms, before he goes back to stand at his bedside, stripping out of his jeans completely to leave himself in nothing but his boxer-briefs for sleep.

And then it hits him.

Hannibal had never asked for his address and Will had never given it to him, before he'd been driven home.

The pit of his stomach clenches oddly, a sharp pang of unease curling up in the cradle of his ribs as the boy sets to fishing out the cash from his pockets for safe-keeping - all before his fingers dig around retrieve the small slip of paper left behind.

The Professor's cell phone number— now *that* is something Will would have to avoid, knowing that calling so soon would only come off as desperate. Not that Will had really *tried* to hide his desperation for the older man at any point.

Fingertips turn the slip of paper over, allowing eyes to hone in on the words that had been written on the other side. It had been added after the fact, when Hannibal had taken the paper to scribble something more, all before slipping it back into Will's pocket. A heat coils in the pit of the boy's stomach, expanding out and painting a pink flush over the planes of his flesh as he re-reads the words over and over again— hunts down their meaning and any possible meaning that could go even beyond that.

Múza, Cavaliere Servente .

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

> Our apologies for having disappeared there for a while, resulting in us putting this story on hold. We've managed to edit the chapters so they're not so enormous from here on out. They'll be easier and faster for us and, surely, much easier to read through as well. We already have the next chapter edited and ready to go, so that one will be posted next Sunday, a week from today!
> As usual, this wasn't beta-read, so all mistakes are our own. Enjoy!

There had always been something comforting about the way oils moved over canvas. Luscious, wet, sensual, masterful, and all-consuming. Sinking into negative space and taking over the emptiness.

Beautiful.

And there had always been something *right* about blending the body's erotic offerings of blood and semen into the paints to add that unique shade to Hannibal's work. But as he works the paint into the canvas with fluid movements now, the gentle shushing of the brush lulling him into an almost meditative state, something feels *wrong.*

The images are beautiful— they look perfect. Will never fails to inspire in oh-so-many ways. But this time, the images lack a certain sense of feeling.

As Hannibal strikes up a cigarette and paces his apartment with long, fitful strides, he's aware that the entire space itself seems to lack a certain feeling. Even the floor feels too hard and unforgiving under the Professor's feet.

Over the last few days, the ache in Hannibal's chest had turned into a chasm of want that burned with the very shape of Will Graham. Those horridly delightful begging pleas had chased the man all the way home and into his dreams. Lilting whines still beckon him like a damned siren's song that only grows ever louder as more time passes.

Hannibal doesn't want this - hadn't as for it - but it's too late. Love is an inconvenience he doesn't need, but love doesn't let you have a choice.

Breathing out a strained ribbon of smoke, Hannibal grinds out his cigarette with undue violence.

Love makes him angry.

Loneliness had never been an issue for Hannibal, and nor had self-control. A predator - a hunter had to be a very patient, as well as a very violent thing. But as he continues to grow

more frustrated with his art and more frustrated with the boy's absence, Hannibal's resolve breaks as a an angry hand is sent running through his hair to push it from his face, tugging slightly in his frustration.

It's Friday night and he knows Will would be home. He would be alone. Will very rarely ventured out and very rarely sought the solace of crowds. And yes, in knowing such things about the boy, some would call what Hannibal does 'stalking'— he simply calls it research.

Lying back on his own bed with head tilted back as he settles into the pillows, Hannibal allows his long neck to arch comfortably and for powerful limbs to stretch out across the soft, velvet throws. The reflection of city lights from the large window above plays over his nudity like a pale trail of twinkling explosions, each breath and change in position shattering their progression and starting them anew elsewhere on Hannibal's broad frame.

Mesmerized by their motions, he finally blinks back to the current moment and finds himself able to register the heat that radiates from his skin. Arousal. Hannibal doesn't hesitate in reaching down the length of his body to trail a finger up the underside of his erect cock. With a sigh, the Professor pushes back the foreskin just enough for a pleasant chill to race through his veins.

There is also no more hesitation when, with his spare hand, he grabs for his nearby cellphone and sends the first text. The first words to break their mutual silence since they had last been in one another's presence,

'Take off your shirt.'

...

Will had always heard the expression, 'absence makes the heart grow fonder,' but hadn't *truly* understood the meaning of the words, until he had felt the absence of Hannibal. Not until he had been left to his own devices to wait, alone, for the moment they would be able to see one another again. Only then, did Will truly feel the strength of those words.

And, oh, does the fondness his heart feels for Hannibal ever *ache.*

Will had decided he would wait for the other man to contact him first, or he would completely wait it out until the next modeling session to see the Professor all together. Will feels desperate and is sure he had made a fool of himself when they'd last seen one another. Begging the older man to follow Will up to his apartment and fuck him hadn't been one of his finer moments, but he can't help but *burn* for Hannibal in ways that the boy can't explain.

Will has dated before, of course, but never anything too serious. He'd had a couple silly relationships here and there, and had a few hookups once he'd gotten a little older, but never any serious commitment and nothing that placed a need in his heart quite like he feels now.

And, Christ, he's only just been to Hannibal's place *once.* Will doesn't know what's wrong with himself.

Will is home and seated in the quiet of his bedroom with a book propped in his lap, when he hears his phone go off from where it sits on the nightstand. The lock-screen flickers to life and displays the words, ' *text from: Professor Lecter* .'

Within seconds, he's forgotten the book and is reaching out to quickly retrieve the phone, opening the text message. He's still dumbfounded and reading the first - an order that he remove his shirt - when the second message comes in.

'And your shoes.'

It isn't blatantly dirty, but fuck, if it doesn't make all of Will's blood instantly rush south to begin filling his cock with a dull, heated throb. It's certainly enough to know exactly where this is headed.

When he's able to think straight again, Will strips off his shirt as directed. Having already had his shoes off, he slips off socks as well, just before he reaches down to work open his belt and pants. Without being prompted to do so, Will slips them down the length of his legs, along with his boxer-briefs, to leave him completely bare against the sheets of his bed.

Naked, with skin flushed and cock hard, that's when the next text arrives, eliciting a muted, hitched moan that falls smoothly from Will's mouth.

'Lie on the bed, face down.'

And before he does just that, Will quickly types back his own response, before hitting send,

'What are you gonna do to me?'
'What would you do if you were here?'

Coy. It's exactly what he would say, would the man have been in the room in that very moment - had Hannibal been standing, just there, at the edge of the bed as he ordered the boy with smooth, even words. Because, even with the distance between them now, Will can feel the Professor's hands - can feel the weight of Hannibal mounting him from behind, all before the older man would fuck himself into Will's tight heat without hesitation.

Hannibal had kept sending each text every two minutes, until he could be sure the boy would be undressed, left with pale skin chilled by the night air and shivering in the absence of the Professor's touch.

He can imagine the catch in Will's breath as every message comes through and Hannibal starts to coax his own cock further with gentle strokes to mimic the feather-light licks of that coy tongue he so desired.

Anticipation is the peak of desire and, God, did the older man ever anticipate how Will's pert ass would arch upwards to offer over all those secret places for Hannibal to lick and drive into – sweet and wicked.

Hannibal's jaw flexes hard as he sucks on his own tongue - hungry for everything that is entirely present and yet, not there at all. Breath and blood race as Hannibal's fist pounds his

cock on urgent strokes, the violent slaps and tugs and grunts echoing into the empty space of his apartment.

Upon reading the boy's response, Hannibal decides to paint a picture for Will's mind, using only the power of words. The Professor answers quickly with three messages of his own, sent one right after the other,

'*I am on top of you. Inside of you.*'
'Thrusting. Pinning you completely.'
'*Harder. Biting into your neck.*'

When Will reads them, he is lying face down on his bed, as previously instructed.

Ass in the air and spine arched, he holds his weight to the mattress on one shoulder with that arm slipped underneath himself, hand stroking furiously at his arousal. Will ruts his hips forward into the grasp he has on his erection, breath a steady, heated panting into the quiet of his room.

He doesn't need to ask to know that Hannibal is touching himself too, on the other side of the phone. Will can imagine Hannibal now, leaned back with a strong hand working over the thick girth of his cock. Will wishes it could be his own body enveloping the length of it instead.

Still touching, Will's opposite forearm rests against the sheets, phone held and propped to type his answer one-handed,

'*Oh god. Want you inside me so bad. '*
'*I wish my hands were your hands. '*

Even over distance and time, the words brush down Hannibal's spine and draw up hot spikes of pleasure. It's enough, knowing that every message he sends is adding fuel to the fire - giving Will another image to stroke himself off to. In Hannibal's own mind's eye, he can conjure up the sight of the boy on his knees, those wide, innocent blue eyes blinking up towards the Professor and promising everything that wasn't at all innocent.

Sin, Will is pure sin. He is soul-food for the Devil himself.

With a low, hungry groan, Hannibal keeps one hold on his throbbing erection, while the other hand types up his heated response,

' *I would devour you by touch. My hand needs to feel the weight of your cock.'*
'Give it to me. I am tugging. Harder. '

Will reads it with a lilted whine, hips giving a particularly deep thrust into his hand underneath himself while simultaneously picturing that very same grip belonged to Hannibal. Will can imagine the Professor, there in the room now, slamming himself inside— deeper and deeper into Will with every thrust. The mental image drags him closer to climax.

Short, desperate, and hovering at the edge of release, Will texts Hannibal back with,

‘*Fuck, Hannibal. I’m close... ’*

He releases his hold on the phone then to let it rest against the sheets, using that hand, instead, to reach behind the curve of his back and tease fingertips in slow circles over the rim of his hole. Only teasing, before he takes it away again.

Will just *wants* so vehemently that he practically burns for it. He wants Hannibal to fuck this ache away - wants to break under the man’s powerful hands.

Will is about to cum when Hannibal’s next text comes in,

‘*Not until I say. Squeeze, just at the base. ’*
‘*Do not cum until I tell you. ’*

All Will can do at first, upon reading it, is exhale a frustrated moan that trembles in his throat, hitched and flustered. Just as has been asked of him, every time the boy feels his orgasm clawing towards the surface, Will glides his fingers down the length of his shaft to squeeze hard at the base. His cock is throbbing, pink and angry between his legs as he staves off the climax that this man would not allow him.

Will continues his clumsy, erratic dance against the edge of pleasure. At the end of each downstroke, he is sure to squeeze at the base where his cock juts away from his pubic bone, holding his grip there, until he’s sure he won’t cum the second he releases.

When Will is convinced he can’t wait any longer, he lets the thumb on his free hand stumble over the keyboard of his phone to answer Hannibal.

‘*Please. ’*
‘*I'm so hard. I need to cum so bad it hurts. ’*

The plea is almost enough to make Hannibal cum, himself, directly upon reading it.

From where he lies back against the bed, the Professor shifts his hips upwards in a violent thrust into where he squeezes long fingers over the thickness of his own cock. Pre-cum is leaking down over his knuckles when he brings a knee up higher - leverage to thrust up with ease into memories of Will’s wet, pink mouth. With eyes falling shut, Hannibal releases another groan into the open air, the fog of his hot breath clouding the sky window above his head.

While fighting off his own orgasm now, Hannibal ignores Will’s request to cum and opts for sending the boy more filth instead. This time, the man’s texts carry a delicious, lustful violence with them.

‘*My hand around your throat… Can you feel it, Will? ’*
‘*I strangle you as I paint your back with my cum. You’re dying for release. ’*
‘*I want to fuck you to death. Perhaps I will… ’*

"Shit—" It's hissed out between Will’s clenched teeth when he reads the vicious, hungry words.

Chills raking up and down his body, the hand holding his phone lets go momentarily to dance the tips of his fingers over the soft skin of his own throat. Picturing them as Hannibal's, Will then wraps the digits around and squeezes just enough to play with the flow of air, Adam's apple bobbing against his own palm when he swallows thickly.

Though not actually there, the sensation of Hannibal's release painting the canvas of Will's back in warm, pleasant brushstrokes is still felt. Will can feel the older man's cock slotted between the cheeks of his ass, Hannibal's breath growling hot against the boy's ear. Will's imagination creates a lovely image - it feels real.

He can't help but think that perhaps being 'fucked to death' by a man like Hannibal would be a most erotic experience. Only the most skilled hand could merge both paint and blood, fear and pleasure, to create an emotion that can only be described as that of ultimate release. Complete and utter satisfaction. Nirvana.

Will drags in shaky lungfuls, only to exhale each one out on tiny, breathy moans as he fights off his orgasm. He feels as though he were suspended over the licking flames of the fire Hannibal had started, but Will refrains from moving anymore. Knowing he would cum the second he releases the tight grip he keeps on his cock, Will's hand stays just as it is, while the other one texts Hannibal with,

'*I would be your willing canvas, Professor.* '
'*A hungry, desperate image, created by your masterful hands. Your Mūza .* '

The eagerness behind the words causes Hannibal's entire body to arch up, broad and tanned planes of muscle straining under his skin as an orgasm tears through him. The force of his pleasure nearly breaks Hannibal apart as he blows his load in white streaks over his heaving chest.

Body shaking, sparks ignite into a bright glow behind his eyes as lips part in a silent gasp. Everything hums around him - Hannibal rides the crest of each wave, until the high of his orgasm begins to settle comfortably around him. Dragging in a ragged breath, the man smears the sticky mess across the strong planes of his chest, before brushing fingertips over his own bottom lip to paint it with a stroke of the warm and salty fluid. Behind closed eyes, he imagines the boy doing just the same to himself.

And now, he would allow Will to cum. Hannibal types up his answer, before hitting *send* .

'*Cum for me, Mūza . Such a good boy.* '
'*Truly a work of art. I would ruin you beautifully if I were there. Worship you.* '

When the end is finally gifted to him, Will quickly rolls onto his back, and strokes himself feverishly. A moan, trembling and broken, falls from his parted mouth as every muscle seizes and pleasure grabs hold of in a white-hot cradle. It gnashes at Will with angry teeth as his orgasm is ripped from his body and cum paints the shuddering surface of his abdomen in white ribbons. Hands squeeze himself through it, giving soft little tugs, until breath hitches with the over-sensitivity and he has to stop.

With a satisfied huff, Will runs a hand through the place where his release cools against his torso, allowing it to smear up the rise and fall of his chest and leave him a mess.

As he lies, sprawled out and exhausted on his sheets, the world around Will seems to come to a completely stop - it leaves him tucked away within the quiet and empty space of his room. A hollow feeling sets in, knowing that somewhere, Hannibal is tucked away in his own bed, just the same, waiting until they would be together again. Only then, would the earth return to spinning on its axis.

Will *wants* now, in a much different way. A way that aches all over again in Hannibal's absence— this time, much stronger than before.

A pained sigh is exhaled, yearning for something he is being forced to wait for - for *someone* he is being forced to wait for. Will reaches for his phone with his clean hand and types up his final text for the night, the words heavy and holding the promise of what was to come for the two of them: both artist and muse joining together to create a masterpiece.

It's a hope that Hannibal would, indeed, soon touch the boy in all the ways promised. Ruin him. Worship him. Will's eyelids are starting to fall with exhaustion when he types and sends,

'*I can't wait until you do.* '

Breath and heart settling, Hannibal rolls onto his side from where he lies, phone left inert on the bed beside him. Within the shadows of his mind, a waiting canvas stares back at him, presenting a half-finished image of his love. Hannibal just feels messy and cold now, with no drive to paint, or to get clean.

All inspiration has seemingly vanished - has disappeared alongside the last text Hannibal had typed up and erased, before having the chance to actually send it to the boy. The Professor had deemed the words foolish and impulsive, the second he'd finished writing them.

The message had read, *'I miss you. I need you. Sleep with me. Stay with me.'*

It had been deleted, before Will's eyes could ever see it.

Licking his lips and running his clean hand over his face, Hannibal stares out into the night. He wonders if Will might also be looking out at the same stars and feeling the same distance between them now – the void of longing. Where before Hannibal had only ever seen endless possibilities in that space, now he just sees the endless, black nothingness. Cold, without Will to fill the gaps between.

Hannibal had always heard that finding Mūza could be as much a curse as a blessing. He had never believed it up until now.

This was going to make killing the boy much more difficult in the end.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Un-beta'd, as per usual. All mistakes belong to us.
We're having a lot of fun with writing these two and we hope you're having just as much fun reading!

Hannibal is running late, coffee in one hand and phone in the other as he types out his orders,

'No glasses. Bring the helmet.'

He is quite sure that the boy could find him blindfolded, if need be.

The phone - his only connection to Will these last few days - has burned a hole in his pocket, right through to his soul. It's constantly nagging at him to pluck those lustful strings and find the right words to lure his Mūza back to him.

Not yet. Not. Yet.

As he slams the cup down and shrugs off his jacket, Hannibal can't resist sending another text.

'How many motorbikes did you see this week?'
'Filthy boy… did they remind you of me?'

He zips up his jacket and pockets his phone with a smirk, not particularly caring for the answer - not when he would get it in the flesh soon enough.

It's late afternoon and shards of light cut through the studio in sharp, amber beams that splash warm color against the walls of the room. Easels lie in wait for students like strange black, skeletal hands scratching their way up from the floor. Papers slip under Hannibal's hand as his eyes glaze over with boredom, his mind firmly somewhere else. After a small eternity, his daze is broken by *that* scent.

Boots are quickly stepped out of so that bare feet may carry him silently to the door, heart hammering and skin electric with anticipation. A hunter in waiting for its prey.

When Will slips inside - slow and steady - in that hesitant, barely-there kind of way in which he always does, that's when Hannibal finally moves. In a single motion, the door is closed and locked with a click and Will's boots shuffle around to face Hannibal as the boy gives a startled hiss of a sound in answer.

Silence strings out - hovering between them, while the air remains thick with golden lust. The light casts both men in the soft glow of warm nostalgia— this the moment before beginnings and endings.

Long fingers reach out and curl around Will's worn, plaid shirt to tug him tight against Hannibal's broad and heaving chest, lips leaning in to brush over lips. Will follows each motion - does not protest and does not voice anything aloud. It's so clearly obvious in the look his eyes hold that he wants nothing more than to have the Professor kiss down into his mouth - here, in the man's classroom, right before his students arrive.

"Still hungry and desperate, little Mūza?" Hannibal's free hand comes up to ghost over where glasses would normally be tucked behind his ear, before dropping to take the helmet that Will holds at his side, placing it down and out of reach for now. "So very good at taking orders. I wonder if you can take a few more?"

He wraps a thickly-muscled arm around Will's waist and starts walking him backwards to the shadowed changing area, not exactly kissing, but breath is most definitely shared between them as lips hover, *just there* - two hot, silk lines of flesh begging to meet. *Oh, how he had missed that sweet taste.*

And Will follows, hands reaching out for the older man to wind into his shirt as well as they both walk backwards Will's knees knocking into the other's and toes stumbling as he's guided.

Hannibal slams Will hard up against the partition that divides the studio from the small changing area, before they can ever make it to the other side. The wood and plaster groan in protest as Will finally lets slip a moan, lips parted and eyes lowered to remain locked on Hannibal's mouth.

And Hannibal *wants* to kiss him; the moan igniting memories of those previously made, when they'd last been together. *Oh how he had missed that sound.*

Hannibal hums as he lies a palm at either side of Will's head, trapping him there, before lowering himself to his knees in front of the boy, chin turned up to allow their gazes to meet.

"Would you like your helmet back?"

The boy barely has breath enough to nod - let alone answer Hannibal with words.

"Please me today and I will not only give you back your helmet, but I'll then give you reason to wear it *home* ." Hannibal teases, before leaning with jaw parted to graze teeth gently over Will's straining groin, a smile turning up at the corners of Hannibal's mouth, before he returns to standing.

Almond eyes soften in the shadows they huddle into as he looks down at where Will trembles against him. Two fingers extend and bring the boy's chin up, before Hannibal orders, "Kiss me."

It’s purred out as the bed of the man’s palm moves steadily south over the soft curves and lines of Will’s writhing body to feel his ribs shiver with delight, each key of bone yielding and pushing back again, spurred on by lust. *Oh how he had missed the shudder of those bones.*

And Will kisses him.

Hands fly up to tangle themselves into the Professor’s hair and cradle the hard edges of the man’s jawline as Will opens his mouth to meet Hannibal’s in the middle. Hot, ragged breath is drawn in as if in preparation for their lips’ reunion and the boy arches from the wall he’s pressed to as if to further bring himself against the larger man’s body - wanting nothing more than to feel the hard line of Hannibal’s aching cock against his own.

It’s risky— so very risky to be getting themselves so worked-up, so close to when class is about to begin, but neither can really be bothered to stop just yet.

Will moans into Hannibal’s mouth and sucks at his tongue as it licks along the line of the boy’s teeth, both men angling their hips forward if only to find an ounce of friction in answer as their hands move frantic and needy along the lines of one another’s bodies.

Will doesn’t want to stop. His head clouds over with lust, once again - just as he’d felt when the Professor had left him, aching and alone to watch as he rode away on his bike. Will wants more, but it’s not long, before Hannibal draws away and places a divide back between them. The boy exhales a huff in answer, but doesn’t fight it.

“Strip. The students will be here any minute now. It should be enough time for you to get your *desires* under control,” the older man says pointedly, eyes dipping to rake over the obvious erection that strains against the front of Will’s pants.

A couple steps backwards, reaching down to adjust himself as well, before Hannibal turns to go to his desk, unlocking the classroom door and stepping back into his shoes along the way.

Will watches Hannibal go - watches as the helmet is set onto the man’s desk for safe-keeping - and feels the space between them grow more and more vast as the boy draws in heated, hungry lungfuls, all before turning on his own feet and ushering himself behind the partition to gather his racing thoughts.

It’s very brief, before he can hear students milling into the room - chatting amongst themselves, or with their Professor as Will strips himself down to nothing and stows away his belongings in the usual locker. His arousal beats on, hot and heavy under the surface of his flesh and throbbing with need between his legs as he wills it, silently, to ease itself away.

All fro the other side, Hannibal continues to smile to himself as he lectures the students. While he paces, heavy shoes clicking against the floor, his hands remain clasped firmly behind his back in order to hide agitated fingers that still burn with the feel of Will’s skin. Hannibal’s insides are squirming with delight in knowing that there is only a thin wall between himself and Will’s throbbing cock while he lectures a room full of strangers.

Indeed, the strings of lust that extend between them, connecting them and tugging at flesh and heart alike, are so strong that Hannibal can almost *smell* Will's arousal from here. And, as Hannibal gazes upon the room now, every face he sees belongs to Will.

Desire has driven the man to the brink of madness.

As the first part of the lecture draws to a close and the students move about, setting up their easels and supplies, Hannibal nods once and excuses himself momentarily. However, this time as he walks there is no clicking of his shoes on the hard floors. Rather, he glides with an easy silence - the kind that can only belong to a trained killer.

It all happens too fast for Will to process. One second, he is sitting there, calming himself and listening to Hannibal's smooth, dulcet tones command the room - the next thing he knows, a hot mouth is around his cock and a hand is slapped over his mouth to keep him quiet.

Hannibal falls to his knees without a word or sound, despite the echoing smack of bone as his kneecaps hit the hard floor. His neck arches over while broad shoulders sink and round in, as if he is about to pray, or offer penance. He supposes that what he is doing could be considered worship, of some kind.

He doesn't look up. He doesn't care for Will's reaction. Just knowing that there is a risk of getting caught makes Will's throbbing cock taste all that much sweeter.

The Professor isn't under any illusion that Will has any hope of getting his desires under control in time for class. No, this whole situation had been set up perfectly to Hannibal's liking. A potential audience and a waiting nymph, warring with his desires and his shame.

The suction is instant and hard. Cannibal teeth tease the base and lips tense to flick over the tip again and again as the Professor's tongue sweeps across the weeping slit. Hannibal swallows every groan that threatens at the back of his own throat as his wet assault on Will's cock becomes more urgent, head bobbing up and down between lean thighs and greedily inhaling that familiar musk.

While his mouth works over Will's dick with expert precision, Hannibal's hand holds the boy's face with bruising force. With his palm pushed up hard against soft lips to keep them silent, Hannibal closes his eyes to focus on the sensation of Will's breath against his hand - growing ever faster and shallower.

God, how he wants nothing more than to slam Will's head against the wall and fuck his sweet little mouth. But for now, Hannibal would have to be content with having the younger man struggle and squirm in lustful silence, knowing that the Professor would spend the next two hours, lecturing with the taste of the other fresh on his lips.

Plus, there is a part of Hannibal that does this for the art itself.

Will blushes ever-so-beautifully after cumming. What kind of teacher would Hannibal be to deprive his students of such a unique shade?

The younger of the two's heart hammers wildly in his chest as it rises and falls with the desperate need to keep his breathing regulated and all possible sounds swallowed down.

What would happen if they were to get caught? Will knows that he would never be able to come back and model for Hannibal's classes if that were the case. And, should a student decide to report such an incident, Hannibal would likely lose his job. It's a high risk, but it only makes the thrill of it all burn that much hotter.

The chair that Will is seated in is a simple metal fold-up chair, placed behind the partition for courtesy's sake so that the model can relax until they are called out to the class. It's not anything that's entirely sturdy and, if slid across the floor, it would definitely create more noise than they need at the moment.

Wills's bare feet catch on the floor and hands reach out to comb through the hair at the back of Hannibal's head, the boy's fingers winding over the nape of the older man's neck as Will's hips shift in little almost-thrusts. The hot cavern of the Professor's mouth is too good and, truly, it's the most Will has had of this man thus far. Because of this, the boy knows he won't be able to last very long.

Given their current situation, that isn't necessarily a bad thing.

Hannibal's tongue swipes up the underside of Will's cock and swirls back over the crown one last time, before the muscles in Will's stomach quake and eyes dart to peer down towards the older man. Will's brows are knit and worry is etched to flash bright in his gaze - worry that he won't be able to stifle the sounds of his pleasure. But when his climax comes to send him toppling over the edge, Will remains soundless, any ability to find his voice taken away from him by the sheer power of it.

Air huffs hot against the Professor's hand that remains clamped over Will's mouth and eyes roll back into their lids as all the muscles in his body seize, toes curling as he cums violently into the hot cavern of Hannibal's awaiting mouth. Will's orgasm sweeps over him in thick waves, cock throbbing heavily from where it sits on top of the older man's tongue and Hannibal is quick to swallow down any evidence of Will's pleasure, throat working to drink it down without hesitation.

A shuddering sigh exhales through the boy's flared nostrils, silent to anyone but the two of them behind the partition, and he is left to ride out the aftermath soundlessly.

The only noises that fill the room are those of art supplies and shifting easels between conversing students from the other side of the wall, but once over sensitivity takes hold, Will finds it harder to keep quiet.

Chills rake sharp over Will's flesh, making him quick to protest when the man continues to suck. Tugging gently at Hannibal's hair, when the ministrations still continue on, the touch shifts and Will pushes instead at the Professor's forehead in order to put some space between his mouth and the length of the boy's cock as it slowly works to go flaccid again.

Hannibal is very aware of what he's doing - just as he is with everything he does. He knows that Will's cock would be ultra-sensitive, and yet, seeks only to test the younger man.

Hannibal's head gives way, but only moves so far. He tilts his chin back to glance up towards the other, a smile touching the Professor's cat-like eyes as he runs the end of his tongue up and over the slit of the boy's cock, before letting the crown rest against the curve of Hannibal's bottom lip. His teeth lower and tease the ridge of the softening head, threatening a bite, if only to catch the way the boy's innocent blue eyes blow wide in a silent protest.

Hannibal's chest tremors with a silent chuckle as a grin paints itself across his maw. He reaches up, holds Will's cock in hand and kisses the tip— a small string of cum and saliva glistening between his mouth and the shining crown, before it pops and evaporates to nothing.

Hannibal then rises up to a crouch and releases the boy's over-sensitivity in order to thread long fingers through dark curls, a hum vibrating in the man's throat. The gentle hold brings Will's head down so that his ear is pressed to Hannibal's mouth.

"I will spend the next two hours speaking and watching you with the taste of your cum in my mouth." When the Professor says it, the words strike like a lightning - silent, but a warning for something loud and thunderous to come.

Without allowing Will time enough to process the thought, Hannibal turns the boy's face in his hands and presses lips to Will's. Though, this time, the kiss is nothing demanding, or dominating, but rather a love-note gifted on the tip of a tongue and sealed in cum.

Hannibal licks down the roof of Will's mouth, leaving a salty echo behind, before pulling back. However, he doesn't just up and leave, he hovers there and lets his hands stroke down Will's face - letting him know that this hasn't *just* been a filthy blow in a grotty studio, but simply a promise of what is to come for the both of them.

The Professor then rises to full-standing, looming over the boy and patting his cheek once. A swell of satisfaction fills Hannibal's chest, coupled with an unusual warmth that he promptly ignores, before striding back into the studio, hands on hips. His voice carries strong and absolute through the studio, causing all action to cease. His presence doesn't just fill the room — it commands it.

Hannibal carries on with the lecture, giving Will a few minutes to collect himself, but not so long that his beautiful flush has a chance to fade, along with his still, ever-present pent-up need. When Hannibal calls for the boy, it's an order. An order given for Will to come out and impress the class with his *exquisite* modeling, just the same as the week before.

But as Will rounds the corner of the wall, he catches the image of Hannibal, gesturing towards the boy, whilst also resting a free hand over the helmet that sits atop the front desk. Hannibal's brow slowly arches as he licks his lips— a subtle reminder that if Will wants his helmet back, and Hannibal's mouth, the boy must impress The Professor himself.

"Show us *art* , Mister Graham." Hannibal bows slightly with a curt nod.

The echo of his previous order chases every word and weaves into the silence between: *show me how you want me to fuck you, you filthy, horrid, whorish thing.*

Will is determined to deliver.

His eyes leave Hannibal's with the smallest hint of a nod in answer. Tongue running over Will's lips, he makes his way to the middle of the classroom to stand onto the platform and allow the sheet he wears over his naked form to drop.

Dramatic lighting pours in his direction and caresses its way over the lines of Will's body to paint all of his highlights and shadows in perfect chiaroscuro harmony. And now, added into the mix, is the soft dusting of a creamy flush that had been left behind by his very recent orgasm.

It's not obvious in any other way. He'd managed to collect himself just enough so that his cock has returned to its flaccid state, but the dewy pinks that have been added to the expanse of Will's skin cannot be missed. They are kissed over the gentle curve of his cheeks and down the bows of his shoulders, dipping even lower still to flower out over the bones of his hips.

Exquisite. Even more a show for Hannibal to watch lay itself out in front of him while they continue to play their silent games in front of outside eyes.

The boy doesn't hesitate and even allows for his gaze to flicker in Hannibal's direction when Will finally falls to his knees, naked in the middle of students who prepare themselves for the creation of art to paper.

But this isn't for them. This is for their Professor, who prepares himself for this different kind of love letter - written by Will and sealed with a hypothetical kiss. There is a sharp and pleasurable slap that comes along with this kind of kiss, however. There are teeth that punctuate the softness and draw blood playfully to the open air. This is a raw and heated sensuality.

Animal.

Once on his knees, Will leans forward to also place his palms to the platform, fingers skimming over its smooth surface as the boy's spine dips and the front end of his body lowers to the platform. Arms extended out before him and ass in the air, with legs still closed to retain his modesty - Will assumes a position that is akin to that of a cat stretching - all long lines and a feline sort of nimbleness.

And the thought of Hannibal, behind him, fucking Will in this very position, is enough to draw forth even more of a blush. It creeps steadily and covers every supple edge of the boy's skin like a finger curled in a beckoning come-hither motion.

And Hannibal truly is beckoned by this call made to him.

He paces through the dark shadows at the back of the studio, finger brushing over his lips as he tries to gather himself. The mere sight of Will, flushed and bent over on his knees - all but praying for *Hannibal, alone* - is nearly enough to send the man over the edge.

Though hidden from anyone's eyes by an untucked, button-down shirt rolled up to each elbow at the sleeves, Hannibal's cock remains stiff and unattended to now. His pants strain against its hard girth and a whisper of cool dampness remains where the air meets a wet patch that's kissed onto to the material by his weeping slit.

The boy will absolutely *not* be going home alone tonight. That said, Hannibal is still determined to play his strings for right now anyway, simply because he can .

After a few minutes, Hannibal refocuses on the task at hand and drifts between students, talking in hushed tones and answering various questions. But his gaze never strays from Will for too long. Hannibal simply can't stop *looking* . His fingers flicker with the need to touch as the Professor sucks on his own tongue with jaw held tight, tasting the afterimage of the salty musk left behind by Will's previous orgasm.

Even the memory of the boy is absolutely delicious— Hannibal can only imagine burying himself between those cheeks now, until Will would beg for the man to stop and *just fuck him already*.

In the end, Hannibal gives into his instincts and makes his way to the front of the room, shoes clicking over the floor with each steady step he takes and hands clasped behind his back. He is sure to accentuate every aspect of his strength in order to remind Will of who is really in control in this moment and all moments in between. Because now, Hannibal can feel all control slipping into the boy's grasp and something dark within The Professor squirms at the very thought, while something else is riled and angry enough to snap bone and tear flesh.

Hannibal comes to a stop and stands just behind Will, gaze only flicking down once to drink in the perfect, pale curve of his bare ass. And Will can feel the older man's eyes boring into his skin, knowing that it would be marked head to toe by the end of the night.

Night.

That is what Hannibal wants to dress Will in. Shades of blue, black, and grey with a smooth, wet sheen to catch the light like stars. He idly wonders if the boy will survive the night when so great is Hannibal's need to possess every part of him.

But Hannibal is displeased. He lets his displeasure be made known by growling ever-so-low in his throat - just barely over a hum - just loud and wrathful enough for Will to hear and know that he is to spread his legs if he wants his bike helmet back. He is to concede if he wants to feel the touch of the Professor's hands tonight.

Hannibal's boot taps against the floor once in silent order and he watches the boy's thighs slowly part - just enough to allow a peek behind the curtain of modesty. Hannibal exhales sharply through flared nostrils and turns to address the class, but in reality, all of the man's words are meant solely for Will.

"Now - this, here, is *art* ."

It takes everything in Hannibal's willpower not to grab those cheeks and spread them apart to force his tongue so deep inside that a scream is yanked up from Will's throat.

Dancing dangerously over the edge of one's self-control. That is art.

Just as the older man dances along the threshold of freeing his darkness into the open air, Will can feel his own lingering in the back of his mind, like something perched over his shoulder. There is something within both Will and Hannibal alike that recognizes itself in one another and coaxes the worst parts of them each out to play.

The boy hides what he can of his face into the arm that remains bent underneath his head - an attempt to try and hide the blush that Will knows is burning away hot over the planes of his features.

Hannibal rolls his neck and licks over his lips as he walks - tiny actions that are the only visible signs that he is straining under the weight of lust. Hannibal moves around so that he is facing the class and standing by Will's side, before dipping his hand into his pocket and pulling out a small bar of charcoal.

"Do you mind, Mister Graham?" But The Professor doesn't wait for Will to answer.

Earning only a silent nod, Hannibal promptly leans forward and begins demonstrating the curves of the boy's body and voices how to capture them. He discusses the art of the golden ratio as his hand and the charcoal skim down the curve of Will's sloped back, over his ribs and shoulders and up the back of the boy's neck.

Every barely-there brush of the charcoal against Will's skin leaves behind a small gray smudge. It's slight and could very easily be looked-over, but the boy can practically feel each mark burning holes into his flesh as though tattooed in a permanent reminder that Hannibal had been there. It raises goosebumps and chills that crawl hungrily over Will's body, wishing only for the touch to be from Hannibal's fingertips, rather than a stick of charcoal.

Though still with great effort, Will is able to sit through each subtle stroke without much of an immediate response. However, it nearly shakes him when Hannibal leans down to ghost a quick pass of the charcoal over the curve of Will's cheek and jaw - murmuring the quietest, " *Good boy* ," before shifting to stand near Will's head.

The Professor simply looms there as he peers down towards Will's naked form.

Will can't help the soft, huffed exhale that falls past his nostrils, flaring them on its way out. He has to dig pearly teeth into the curve of his bottom lip to keep his breathing at a normal rate, ribs kept to a steady rise and fall below his flesh. From where one arm stays outstretched and relaxed before him, the boy's fingers are *almost* brushing the tips of the older man's shoes.

And maybe Hannibal likes being that close, and yet just out of reach. Maybe he likes that he could just as easily stomp down now and snap both the boy's arms, rendering him helpless and begging for mercy as Hannibal flips him and fucks him to the melody of pain itself.

"Now, what if the class want to see your lovely face as they sketch you, hm?" Hannibal's tone is warm and full of mirth when he speaks next and ups the game even further.

That is Will's cue to move into another pose.

Although Hannibal's erection is hidden from others by his overhanging, untucked white shirt, when Will then rolls and shifts onto his back, he is able to see the thick, just-barely-damp bulge of Hannibal's waiting cock from his short distance away.

Will swallows thickly and it's made evident in the way his Adam's apple bobs lazily in the soft curve of his throat, eyes turned up and lips still a recently-kissed pink.

Staring up towards the Professor, Will lies on his back and bends both his legs to keep the soles of his feet against the platform. It's a relaxed, laid back position with his knees bent up towards the ceiling. It's then, that Will raises his right leg and makes the same motion as if to cross it over the other, but instead, he merely rests the ankle of his right foot against his left knee that remains bent - it's a position that leaves him just slightly spread.

Arms crossed behind his head, Will's tongue passes wet and smooth over his mouth in a quick and very deliberate sweep, gaze directed upwards towards the thickness of Hannibal's member in his pants - an obvious thing, but only made obvious to Will, who is able to see beyond the hem of the man's shirt.

And just the same, to all the students that surround them, Will assumes the same position of someone who might lay out in the grass and gaze up at the clouds, but every move is strategic and everything is a part of this game that he and Hannibal play in secret.

"Is this better, Professor?" The use of Hannibal's formal title is followed by the slightest cock of Will's head to the side from where he peers up towards the older man from the platform - practically laid out on the floor at his feet.

Playful, sensual, and entirely aware of what he's doing as well - the hooded expression that paints itself over Will's features reads nothing short of just how badly he'd like to be on his knees and sucking the Professor's cock right now.

Judging from the older man's body language, Will isn't the only one who would very much enjoy that.

Hannibal turns a cool gaze down towards the boy, eyebrow firmly arched as his gaze sweeps the canvas of his flesh, before answering with a simple, "Perfect, William."

The man hums a short note with a resonant purr, the smooth dulcet tone rolling out across Will's flesh and stroking at all of the places Hannibal's tongue is soon to follow. Burnished amber lingers on the soft line of Will's cock from where it rests over a shadow of coarse hair and Hannibal can still recall the scent of the boy - can almost taste now.

A low growl threatens to echo in the Professor's chest, before he moves and continues on, pacing the length of the room once again.

The droll bustle of the studio seems to go on for an eternity as Hannibal and Will steal furtive glances back and forth. Both know what is coming— an inevitable destination that couldn't

feel further way, especially as the boy is laid out as casual as if he were counting stars with a lover. Naked, ready, and quietly at ease.

Even at this distance, Hannibal is able to just barely see the faint glisten of pre-cum against the boy's navel and, oh, does the ache travel sharply through the air, right to the core of the man.

A brutal hunger rears up in Hannibal, hooves clawing at the dirt, begrudging every student and minute that stands between his Will and the need that both men have for one another. The second hand moves at a snail's pace and the scrawls of pencil against paper almost seem to move backwards. Pacing off his desire, he can feel his own heels dragging, blood pumping heavy and hot in his limbs. Nothing feels as though it were moving right.

The predator is in the room now and Hannibal would absolutely loath to see him caged again.

The game is up.

A lightness returns to his steps and to his words as they pet over the students' shoulders. Minutes melt into hours and, soon the room is made alive again with the bustle and rush of students making their way towards the classroom's exit.

With a single, cutting glance, Hannibal silently pins Will to the exact spot and position that he lies in. He is not to move.

Small, smooth, and sweeping waves of his hands are coupled with polite nods as Hannibal ushers the last of his students out of the room, before promptly closing the door behind them. With a loud click and clap, the metal locks shut into place, leaving behind a quiet beat to pass on bated breath, before Hannibal goes to tug down the blinds and hits the lights, leaving the room in near darkness.

A single bulb stays lit nearby where Will is posed, prone. Hannibal allows himself a moment's grace to drink in the image, shards of light slipping over Will's skin. The stark contrast of shadow over pale flesh dances as a tremor runs through the boy, muscles seizing in anticipation.

The words that are cast upon the air next are given just as carelessly as if the man were somehow already bored with a game that had only just begun. However, Will is able to catch the edge of excitement there when Hannibal speaks into the open air with,

"I would suggest now would be a good time to run, Will."

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